

# THE TATLER

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF SOCIETY AND THE STAGE

Vol. V. No. 54. {REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL  
{POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER }

London, July 9, 1902.

Price Sixpence.



Langfer

THE AMERICAN PLAYER, MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE, WHO IS NOW VISITING LONDON

Miss Barrymore, who is now on a visit to London, made her début here in "Peter the Great" at the Lyceum. She has since made a great success on the American stage



# The Tatler



London, July Ninth, 1902.

EDITORIAL AND GENERAL OFFICES:

Great New Street, London, E.C.

Telegraphic Address, "Sphere, London."

## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

**LITERARY MATTER.**—The Editor will always be pleased to consider MSS. sent in by any contributor—whether professed journalist or not—provided they are of a nature suitable for THE TATLER. Intending contributors are PARTICULARLY recommended to read carefully the columns of THE TATLER before contributing. What the Editor requires are short, bright, personal paragraphs about living celebrities directly within the knowledge of the writer. New, true, and original anecdotes relating to men and women of the day are especially acceptable. Paragraphs compiled from biographical works are not invited. As regards short stories, these must be from 2,000 to 3,000 words in length and in keeping with the atmosphere of the pages of the paper in which they are intended to appear. All paragraphs and stories should be addressed to the Society Editor. Where a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed every effort will be made to return promptly unsuitable MSS. and photographs.

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The Index and Title Page for Vol. IV. will be ready shortly.

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## WHAT TO SEE IN LONDON.

### THEATRES.

**Adelphi** (Strand)—*Sapho*, at 8.15. Last Matinee on Thursday, July 10, at 2.15.  
**Apollo** (Shaftesbury Avenue)—*Three Little Maids*, at 8.15. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.  
**Avenue** (Northumberland Avenue)—*The Little French Milliner*, at 9. Preceded, at 8.15, by *Gentleman Jack*. Matinees on Wednesday, at 3.  
**Comedy** (Panton Street, Haymarket)—*Lord of his House*, at 9. Preceded, at 8.15, by *Just a Man's Fancy*.  
**Covent Garden**.—Royal Opera every evening, at 8.  
**Criterion** (Piccadilly Circus)—*A Country Mouse*, at 9. Preceded, at 8.15, by *A Bit of Old Chelsea*. Matinee every Wednesday, at 3.  
**Daly's** (Leicester Square)—*A Country Girl*, at 8.15. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.30.  
**Drury Lane**—*Ben Hur*, at 8. Matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.  
**Duke of York's** (St. Martin's Lane)—*The Gay Lord Quex*, at 8.30.  
**Gaiety** (345, Strand, W.C.)—*The Toreador*, at 8.  
**Her Majesty's** (Haymarket)—*The Merry Wives of Windsor* at 8.30, except Saturday. Matinee every Wednesday, at 2.15. Saturday Matinee, *The Red Lamp and The Ballad Monger*.  
**Lyceum** (Wellington Street)—*Faust*, at 8.15. Matinee, *The Merchant of Venice*, July 12 and 19, at 2.  
**Lyric** (Shaftesbury Avenue)—*Mice and Men*, at 8.30. Matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30. Matinees of *Hamlet*, on July 10, 11, and 15, at 2.  
**Prince of Wales's** (Piccadilly Circus)—*There and Back*, at 9. Preceded by *Miss Bramshott's Engagement*, at 8.15.  
**Royalty** (Dean Street, Soho)—*Zaza*, at 8. Matinee on Wednesday, at 2.15.  
**Savoy** (between 95 and 96 Strand, W.C.)—*Merric England*, at 8.15. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.30.  
**Shaftesbury** (Shaftesbury Avenue)—On Saturday, July 12, *There and Back*.  
**Strand** (168, Strand)—*A Chinese Honeymoon*, at 8. Matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.15.  
**Wyndham's** (Charing Cross Road)—*David Garrick*, at 9. Preceded at 8.30, by *Mrs. Hilary Regrets*, at 3. Matinee on Saturday, at 3.

### VARIOUS

#### OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS.

**Hippodrome** (Cranbourn Street, W.C.) at 2 and 7.45.  
**Maskelyne's** (Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly), at 3 and 8.  
**Royal Aquarium** (Westminster), open at 10 a.m.  
**Alhambra** (Leicester Square, W.C.) "In Japan" and "Britannia's Realm."  
**Empire** (Leicester Square), at 8. *Ballet*—"Our Crown."  
**Oxford** (14, Oxford Street), at 7.25. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.15.  
**Palace** (Cambridge Circus, W.C.), at 8. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.  
**Pavilion** (Piccadilly Circus), at 7.45. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.15.  
**Tivoli** (165, Strand, W.C.), at 7.30. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.15.  
**Royal** (Holborn), at 7.30. Matinee on Saturday, at 2.15. Special Matinee every Tuesday and Thursday, at 2.30.

### MAINLY DURING THE DAY.

**Bethnal Green Museum** (Cambridge Road, E.)—Free daily. On Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.; on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.  
**British Museum** (Bloombsbury, W.C.)—Free week-days, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.  
**Chancery Lane Safe Deposit**—Free daily, 9 to 6.  
**Dulwich Picture Gallery**—Free week-days, 10 to 6.  
**Geology Museum** (28, Jermy Street)—Free: Mondays and Saturdays, 10 to 10.15; other week-days, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.  
**Greenwich Hospital**—*Painted Hall* open free daily, 10 to 6; on Sundays after 2. *Royal Naval Museum and Chapel*, free daily (except Sundays and Fridays), 10 to 6.  
**Guildhall Library**—Free, 10 to 6. **Museum**—Free, 10 to 5. Saturdays, 10 to 6.  
**Hampton Court Palace**—Free, daily, 10 to dusk; except on Fridays.  
**Houses of Parliament** (Westminster)—Open on Saturdays, 10 to 4 (no admission after 3.30); tickets gratis, at entrance.  
**Kensington Palace** (the birthplace of Queen Victoria)—Free daily (except Wednesdays) from 10 to 6. Sunday 2 to 6.  
**Kew Gardens** (Richmond)—Free, daily, 10 till dusk; on Sundays, 1 p.m. till dusk.  
**Madame Tussaud's Waxwork** (Marylebone Rd.)—10 to 10.  
**Military and Naval Museum** (the old Banqueting Hall of Charles I., Whitehall)—Every week day, 11 to 6; admission 6d.  
**Mint** (Little Tower Hill)—Free admission, 10 to 4; Saturdays 10 to 12. By applying in writing to the Master of the Mint at least a week before visit.  
**National Gallery** (Trafalgar Square, W.C.)—Free on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, 11 to 6 (6d.). Open on Sundays, 2 to 5.  
**National Portrait Gallery** (St. Martin's Place, W.C.)—Same conditions as the National Gallery.  
**Natural History Museum** (South Kensington)—Open 10 to 6. On Saturdays and Mondays closes at 8.  
**Royal Botanic Gardens** (Regent's Park)—Open daily, from 9 to sunset on a Member's order: Mondays and Saturdays, by payment of 1s. Other days by Fellow's order only.  
**Royal College of Surgeons** (Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.)—Visitors are admitted by orders from members or by application to the Secretary on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, 10 to 4.  
**Soane Museum** (13, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.)—Admission by ticket obtainable from the Curator.  
**St. Paul's Cathedral**—Open daily from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.  
**Tate Gallery** (Millbank)—Free on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; 6d. on Thursdays and Fridays, 11 to 5. Open on Sundays, 2 to 6.  
**Tower of London**—Open daily (except Sundays), 10 to 6. Armouries and Crown Jewels, free on Mondays and Saturdays, other days 1s.  
**Victoria and Albert Museum** (South Kensington)—The whole Museum is free on Mondays, Tuesdays, Saturdays, 10 to 10 on Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays open 10 to dusk. 6d. Admission to Main Building. Scientific and Indian Sections free. On Sunday the whole museum (except the libraries) is open free from 2 p.m. till 6.  
**Wallace Collection** (Hertford House, Manchester Square)—Free on Mondays 12 to 6; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6. Sixpence admission on Tuesdays and Fridays, 11 to 6. Children under 8 not admitted, under 12 only with adults.  
**Westminster Abbey**—Closed until after the Coronation.  
**Zoological Gardens** (Regent's Park, N.W.)—Every week-day, 9 a.m. to sunset, 1s. (on Mondays 6d.) On Sundays only by order from a Member.

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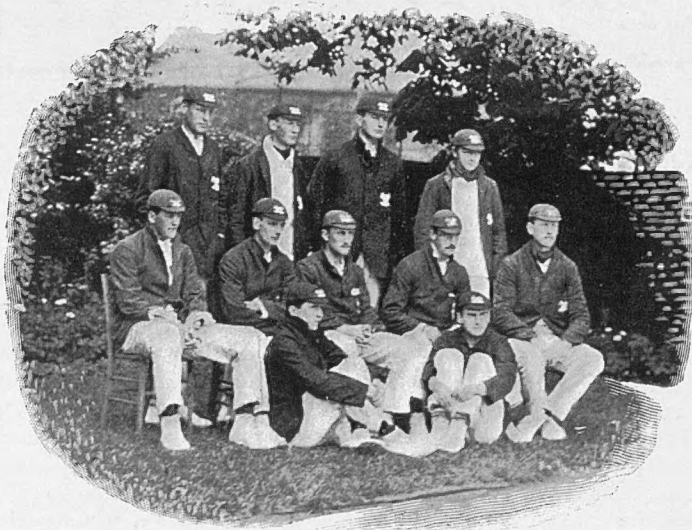
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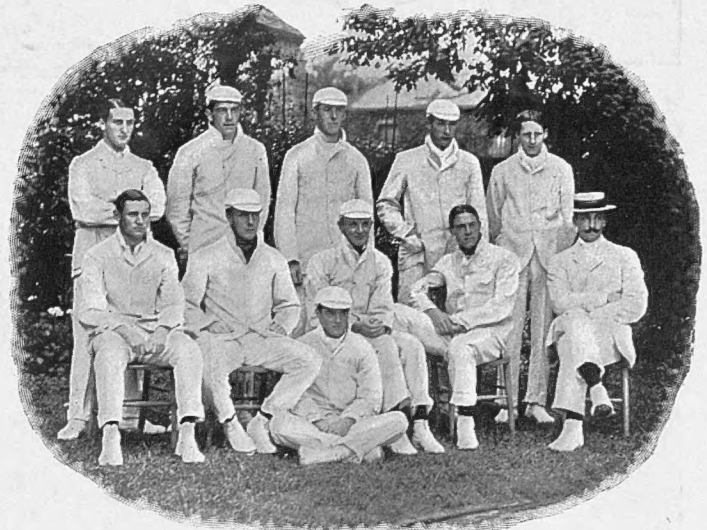
# THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CRICKET MATCH

Played at Lord's Last Week.



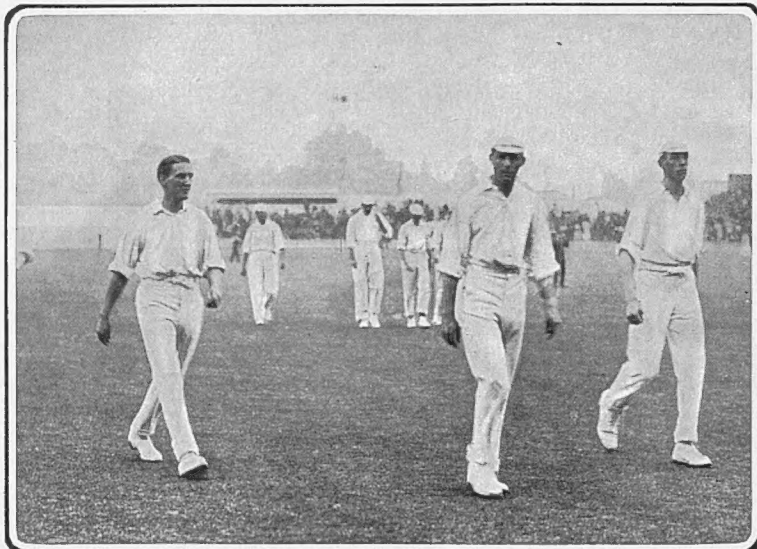
THE OXFORD ELEVEN

The names of those in the group, reading from left to right, are: Back row—W. S. Medicott, M. Bonham-Carter, A. C. von Ernsthause, R. A. Williams; middle row—E. W. Dillon, W. Findlay, C. H. B. Marsham (captain), H. J. Wyld, G. W. F. Kelly; front row—R. C. W. Burn, W. H. B. Evans



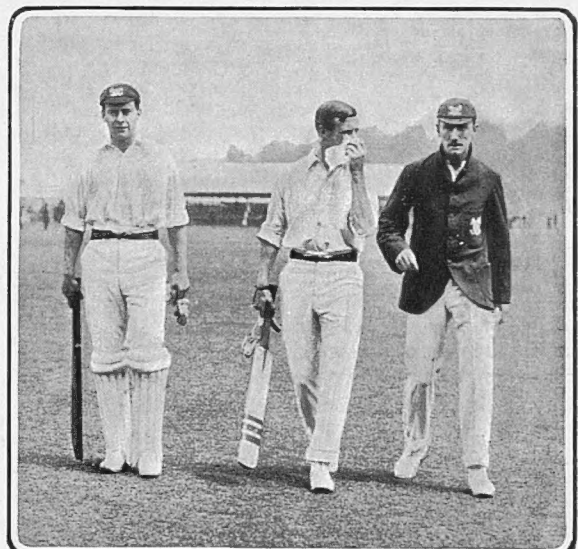
THE CAMBRIDGE ELEVEN

The names of those in the group, reading from left to right, are: Back row—R. N. R. Blaker, C. E. Winter, L. T. Driffeld, J. Gilman, F. B. Wilson; middle row—S. H. Day, E. M. Dowson, E. R. Wilson (captain), L. V. Harper, E. F. Penn; front row—C. H. M. Ebdon



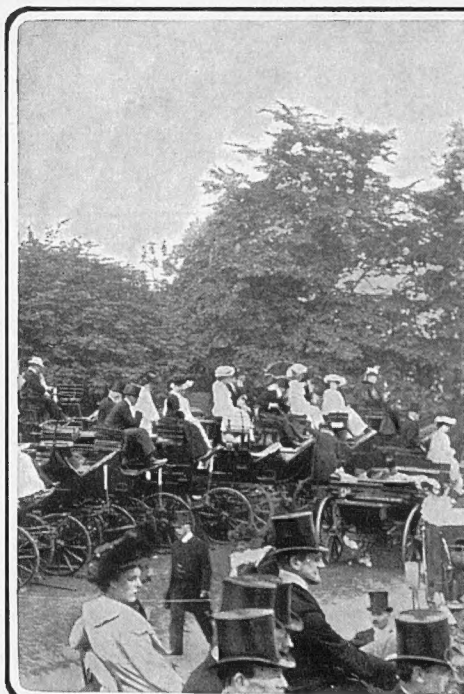
CAMBRIDGE RETURNING TO THE PAVILION

The three figures in the foreground are: R. N. R. Blaker, L. V. Harper, and L. T. Driffeld



OXFORD COMING BACK FROM PRACTICE AT THE NETS

M. Bonham-Carter, H. J. Wyld, and C. H. B. Marsham



WHERE THE COACHES MET



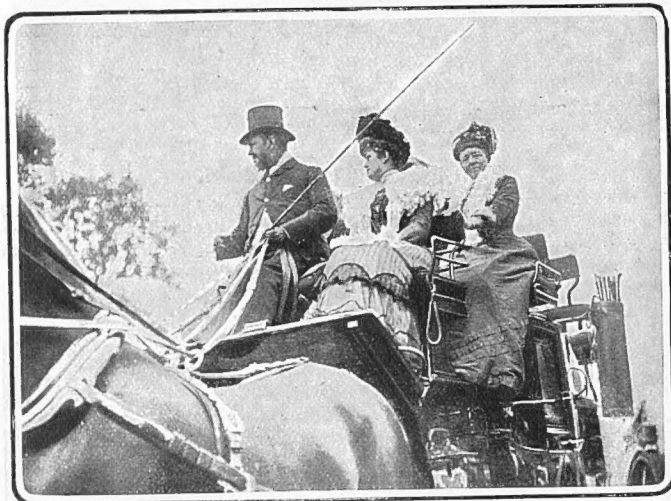
THE SCENE ON THE GROUND AFTER LUNCH ON THE FIRST DAY



# Gossip of the Hour.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.—*Steele.*

**The Result of the Monogram Competition.**—At length I am able to put competitors in the Monogram Competition out of pain. The result of the competition will be found on pages 74 and 75 of the present issue, together with some quotations from letters I have received from various competitors.



THE MEET OF THE COACHING CLUB IN HYDE PARK  
Sir Frederick Cook, whose coach was the first to arrive

**A Youthful Coronation Ode.**—At a girls' school in London the children were set to amuse themselves by composing odes on the coronation that failed. One of these sets of verses written by Miss Doris Jones, a daughter of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the distinguished dramatist, has fallen into my hands:—

Albert Edward is his name,  
England is his nation;  
He did his best, though all in vain,  
To have a coronation.

Alexandra is his Queen,  
Of most exalted station;  
How awfully sad she must have been  
To miss the coronation.

George, their son, is Prince of Wales,  
So smart at navigation;  
He'll be the next if Edward fails  
To have a coronation.

Princess May she is his wife,  
She tried to move creation  
To gain the object of her life  
And have a coronation.

The Britons are his people true;  
Think of their situation!  
They bought their seats and paid up too,  
And where's the coronation?

**How Climates are Altered.**—The clearing away of forests has a distinct effect on the climate. In parts of America where considerable tracts of forests have been cut away the climate has become much dryer. It would appear from the weather we have lately experienced that a good deal of timber wants to be cut in this country. During our occupancy of Egypt much irrigation and drainage work has been carried out which has

had the effect of perceptibly increasing the heat of summer. In parts of Ireland where land has been reclaimed and brought into cultivation it has been observed that the climate has become dryer, whilst the reverse has been noticeable where land has run to waste.

**A Sporting Committee.**—The Lords' committee on betting which has just issued its report will have its views accepted with all the more respect by reason of the fact that half its members are recognised as thoroughly good sportsmen. It would perhaps be out of place to class the Bishop of Hereford, the Earl of Aberdeen, Viscount Peel, and Lord Davey as sportsmen, though nobody would insult them by saying they were not; but of the rest Viscount Cobham is one of the famous cricketing brotherhood of Lytteltons. The other three are all of them members of the Turf Club; Lord Harewood has been a member of the Jockey Club

since 1873 and Lord Durham for twenty years. These two figured in last year's list of winning owners, the former with £3,259 and the latter with £1,914 to his credit.

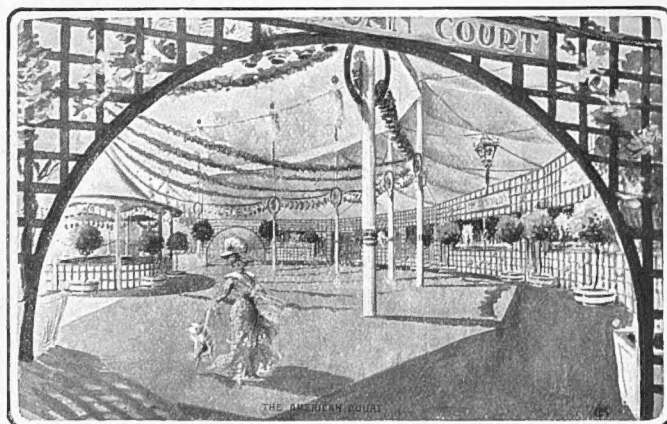
**Indian Princes at the Lyceum.**—After the performance at the Lyceum last Thursday Sir Henry Irving gave a reception on the stage of the theatre to the Indian princes and the colonial Premiers now in London. The guests numbered upwards of 500. They were received on the stage by Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Bram Stoker. The stalls and pit were cleared and the space transformed into a promenade. The theatre was prettily illuminated.

**Ladies in China.**—A lady who has had a good deal of experience of the Flowery Land and Canton in particular says that China is a most unpleasant country for European ladies. In the first place it is impossible for them to walk out in the streets at all unless they put on Chinese dress, and even then an escort is absolutely necessary for the Cantonese rough is worse than even his Berlin *confrère*. European ladies who have yellow hair can only go out in palanquins with the curtains drawn. The fair hair is so obnoxious to the roughs of Canton that they would not hesitate to vent their hostility by actual violence.

**British Subjects and Foreign Titles.**—The number of British subjects who hold foreign titles is very large. Some hold them by consent of the Crown, others without. Some acquired them by real services in the past to foreign kings or governments, others obtained them by quite recent feats in the financial way. Many of them are of papal origin like that of the Duke Gandolfi. An interesting specimen of this latter kind is that of Count Valerio Christopher Magawly Cerate di Calry, on whom the Papacy conferred the title on account of his claim to be descended from the ancient princes of Calry in what is now county Westmeath. Mr. Magawly is also descended from a Lambertini, who was the father of Pope Benedict XIV.

**King's Pony Carriage.**—This is a coronation toy which is sold at 1d.; it really is a wonderful little thing. The carriage is a kind of chariot. The wheels "go round" in the most satisfactory manner. The horse seems as solid as possible and the shafts are strong. The whole is made of metal which has somewhat of the hue of gold. The general effect is pretty and the thing will bear a good deal of wear; moreover, if placed on a smooth inclined plane, say, THE TATLER itself, the pony carriage will run down forwards or backwards in the most realistic way. It is certainly the prettiest of these cheap toys, and an idea of the demand for them may be gathered from the fact that some of the vendors were charging no less a sum than 2d. apiece.

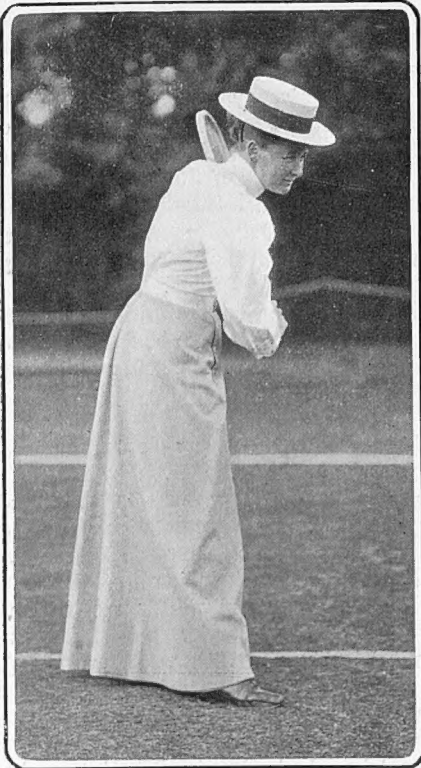
**Traps for Cyclists.**—There is no doubt that malignant people lay traps for cyclists along the principal routes out of London. If not there must be a natural growth of tacks along these roads which ought to be worth the attention of scientists. The tacks are usually sown near a public-house or a repairer's shop, and the idea will occur to the mind of an unregenerate cyclist who finds himself brought down by one that it is calculated he will leave the machine at the repairer's and adjourn to the public-house while the puncture is being mended. Now the only way to put an end to these traps—if traps they be—is to turn away resolutely from both public-house and repairer's and trudge on to the next—or learn to do the repair oneself.



THE AMERICAN COURT AT THE CORONATION BAZAAR  
Which opens to-morrow in Regent's Park

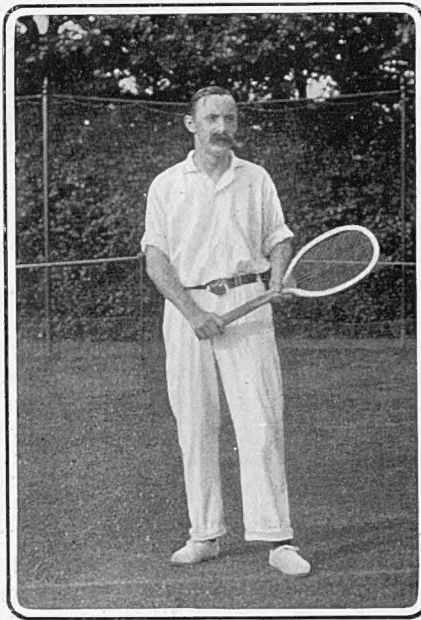


GOSSIP OF THE HOUR.



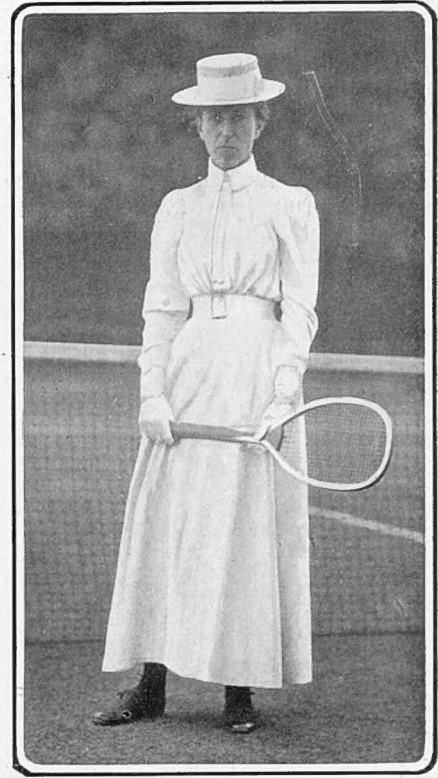
MRS. STERRY

Last year's champion, who was defeated by Miss M. Robb



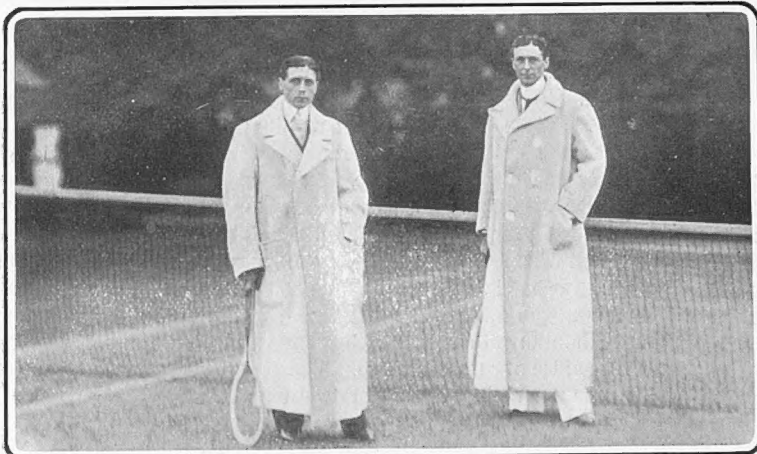
A. W. GORE

The champion of 1901, who was this year beaten by H. L. Doherty



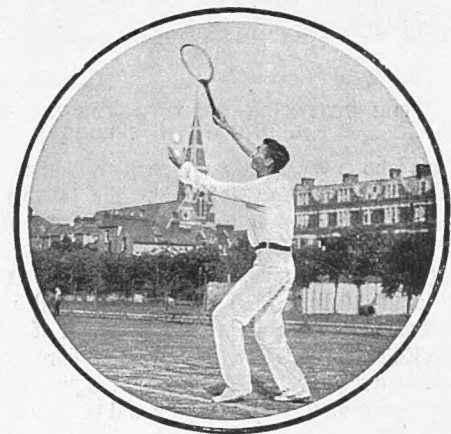
MRS. HILLYARD

An ex-champion, and one of the best lawn tennis players in the country



THE BROTHERS DOHERTY

Who after holding the doubles championship for five years were last week beaten by S. H. Smith and F. L. Riseley. H. L. Doherty, the figure to the left, won the championship singles

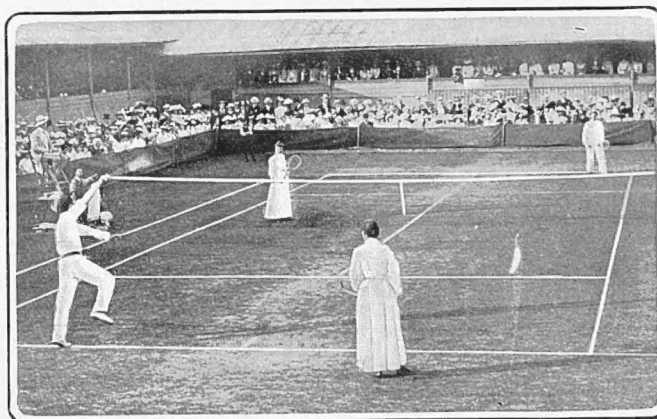


H. S. MAHONY

The well-known Irish player, who was beaten by H. L. Doherty, has played in the championship for more than a dozen years

Lawn Tennis Championships.

—The lawn tennis championships at Wimbledon last week produced some rather surprising results. Gore's defeat by the younger Doherty was not altogether unexpected, but no one anticipated that Miss Robb would dethrone Mrs. Sterry, or that Smith and Riseley would wrest the double championship from the brothers Doherty. It is probable that the weather may have affected some of the results. H. L. Doherty unquestionably owed his escape from defeat at the hands of H. S. Mahony to the state of the thermometer. For the first two



MRS. HILLYARD AND H. S. MAHONY

Playing in the mixed doubles against Mrs. Sterry and H. L. Doherty

sets the genial Irishman was playing at the top of his form and apparently had the match well in hand, but the tropical heat proved too much for him and he retired in the final set after losing two games. Miss Robb fully deserves her victory over Mrs. Sterry as the game was played, but the thunderstorm which interrupted her match with the ex-champion on Tuesday afternoon and rendered a replay necessary materially increased her prospects of victory. It was certainly remarkable that in the three principal events at Wimbledon the holders were beaten.

THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS HELD AT WIMBLEDON LAST WEEK



**More new Arrivals.**—Congratulations to Lady Joan Verney on the birth of another little son, the first-born being just two years old. Lady Joan is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Desart and was married three years ago to Mr. Harry Verney, grandson of Sir Harry Verney, who married a sister of Miss Florence Nightingale as his second wife. Another welcome baby boy, who arrived just a day later, is the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. William L. Lucas. Mrs. Willie

### GOSSIP OF THE HOUR.



THE INVITATION CARD TO THE KING'S CORONATION DINNER TO THE LONDON POOR

Lucas, who is very pretty and popular, is one of the eight daughters of the late Sir Julian Goldsmid. Sir Julian's octave of daughters are all good-looking and were all heiresses. Mrs. Lucas, who is the fourth, married five years ago; her younger sister is the wife of Captain Herbert Jessel, M.P., whilst there are three Misses Goldsmid still unmarried who go out a great deal with their sisters as chaperons. The most important arrival of the week, however, is Lady Edith Trotter's boy, as he is a first-born. Lady Edith, who is the younger daughter of the Countess of Eglinton, was one of a bevy of Scots brides all wedded last July and is very pretty.

**A New View of the War.**—There have been many books written on the Boer War, but for real originality the palm must surely be awarded to the one which has been privately printed at Washington,

entitled *The Boer War: a History*, by Allen Welsh Dulles. This latest addition to the noble army of authors is just eight years old, and is a grandson of a former Secretary of State. His script has been wisely left in its natural state, brilliantly indifferent to the arbitrary rules of spelling, and Master Dulles seems certainly not to merit his patronymic, for his sense of humour comes out strong in the anecdotes wherewith, like another Gibbon, he illustrates his history, as witness the following: "One day the British tied 10 billy goats to try the affects of some lideight shels; so he fired about 20 at them, and then went up to see how many were left, and he found there were 11—one had been born!"

**Colonial Guests at Taplow Court.**—A very pleasant and somewhat unique function was the water party given by Mr. W. H. Grenfell, M.P., and Mrs. Grenfell at Taplow Court last Wednesday in honour of the distinguished colonial representatives. Favoured by beautiful weather many notable colonials made their way to Taplow Court, which is famous for its week-end parties. Lunch was served in the pavilion elaborately decorated with flags and crimson roses, and Mr. Grenfell and Sir Wilfrid Laurier spoke briefly at its conclusion, the only toast being that of the King. After coffee had been served on the lawn and a photograph group taken of the guests they all repaired to the waterside, where a launch was in readiness. Princess Henry of Pless came with her husband, and the Duchess of Westminster was with the duke. Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, who is staying in the neighbourhood with Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, came across after lunch. Mrs. Grenfell's little son and daughter, who joined the guests, thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and with the lawns a smooth sweep of green, roses in every hue in full bloom, and the water winding below like a silver streak the scene at Taplow Court was exceedingly pretty.

**Freaks of Etiquette.**—In the domains of royalty the rigid observance of ancient customs is not altogether without its humorous aspect. In the Spanish Court it is the custom on the birth of a royal infant to place the offspring of royalty upon a silver tray and thus tender the child to its father, who exclaims, "It is a prince" or princess, as the case may be. In Russia the Czar, when going out for a drive, must on no account permit anyone to know beforehand what road he intends to take; as the drive progresses the driver is directed where to go. In both the Russian and Austrian courts no dish must be placed a second time at the royal table, even though it had not been touched the first time it was served. Our own Court is freer than any other from such customs, which are usually retained at the sacrifice of common sense. The sound common sense which is as characteristic of King Edward as it was of his mother has always been opposed to antiquated ceremonials at Court.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA ARRIVING AT THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE FOR THE REVIEW OF THE COLONIAL TROOPS LAST WEEK





Country Girl to Grandpa (landed in London for the first time in coronation week): What a busy place this is, grandpa.  
It must be market day



**The Shah Abroad.**—The Shah, who has been doing a cure at Carlsbad, left there yesterday (July 8) for Ostend and England. An immediate arrival of his Persian Majesty, however, is not to be expected, for the special train which carries him to Ostend from Carlsbad is only permitted to travel eight miles an hour and stops at sidings

## GOSSIP OF THE HOUR.



Van dyk

THE KING'S NEW A.D.C.

Colonel Ernest Villiers of the 1st Surrey Volunteer Rifle Corps

during his sleeping hours, an arrangement which must upset a good many time tables and cause considerably picturesque language from the railway officials along his route. The cure at Carlsbad has done the Shah a great deal of good in spite of his being at the mercy of three specialists, besides his own European and Persian physicians. All the arrangements for the Shah's reception in England are in the hands of Sir Arthur Hardinge, who went over to Carlsbad to see the Shah and ascertain the details he desired.

**A Fine Naval Coronation Arch.**—The entrance to the gun wharf at Portsmouth was most effectively decorated as a coronation arch. Extensive use was made of armour, cutlasses, pistols, and firearms, and models of men in armour placed on the battlements completed a display which was worthy of the ingenuity of the navy and of the reputation of Portsmouth. The town itself was beautifully decorated in many parts, and some strikingly effective illuminations were admired by crowds of inhabitants and visitors.

**An Ancient Conscription.**—The oldest form of compulsory military service in existence is that of the Guernsey Royal Militia, which has descended from the feudal system. Everyone whose residence in the island exceeds a year is liable to be called on to serve in the Royal Militia for a certain period every year. An officer's commission in the militia is a much-coveted honour among the Guernsey folk, who, by the way, are a most industrious and thrifty people. Jersey has also a militia which it is compulsory for residents to serve in, but the sister island can boast of a more ancient military service.

**The Coronation Bazaar.**—Since nearly all the coronation festivities and functions have been postponed those few which are still to be held will possess a greater interest than they might otherwise have held. In

the case of the "Imperial Coronation Bazaar," however, this increase in interest was unnecessary, for the bazaar, which will be opened on July 10, 11, and 12 in the beautiful Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, will eclipse any bazaar ever seen. The reason that this has not been postponed is because it is in aid of a charity—one of the very best of charities. This year is the jubilee year of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children, and it is desired that its jubilee should be celebrated by the opening of some more beds and by giving financial help, which is sadly needed.

**Twenty-three Duchesses.**—This bazaar will offer all the usual attractions to visitors, and in addition a number of features which are not so commonplace. Among the latter may be mentioned the presence of twenty-three duchesses besides half-a-dozen princesses of various nationalities and innumerable countesses. It will be opened by her Majesty the Queen, and other royalties who are interested in its success are the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Prince and Princess Christian. It is not promised that the tickets will, as on one historic occasion, give the purchasers the privilege of shaking hands with a duchess, but perhaps some arrangement of the kind may be made on the spot. Several bands have been engaged to perform. Of these the most interesting to the public is the Royal Marine Light Infantry band, which in addition to being one of the best military bands is of peculiar interest from having accompanied the Prince of Wales round the world on the *Ophir*.

**Americans to the Fore.**—There are to be nearly forty stalls, eight of which will be in the American court. These will be managed entirely by Americans, among them the wife of the American ambassador, Consuelo Duchess of Manchester, Mrs. Bradley Martin, and Mrs. Arthur Paget. This last lady will be in charge of the jewellery stall, and rumour has it that her wares will be worth over £3,000,000. India, Canada, Australia, and South Africa will also be represented by stalls. Of course there will be a café chantant, a concert hall, and illuminations; the latter, however, will be unusually elaborate and beautiful, and no place in London lends itself more to illuminations than the Botanical Gardens. Of raffles there will be no end, and already many tickets have been sold for these. They "suit all pockets," ranging from 1s. entrance fee for a diamond-studded watch to £5 for a £1,000 motor car. And when you find yourself worn out by the incessant attacks on your pocket you can help the charity still further by paying £2 2s. for a dinner. If you have any doubt about being able to eat £2 2s. worth you will be satisfied by the knowledge that the catering is in charge of Mr. Ritz, the manager of the Carlton Hotel. Anyhow, the magnificence of the whole entertainment will be something to remember for a lifetime.



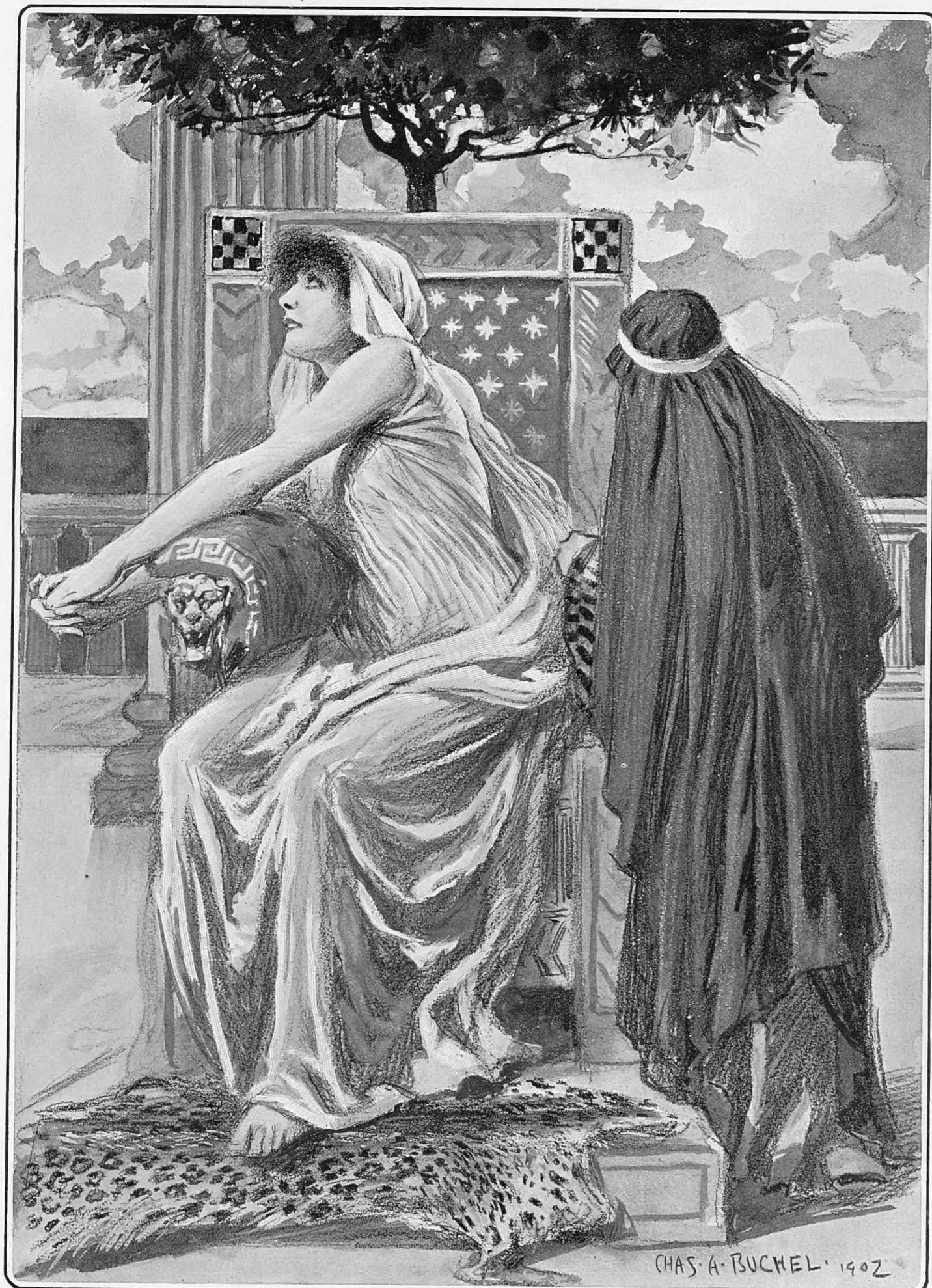
Mortimer

THE GATE OF THE GUN WHARF AT PORTSMOUTH

As it was decorated for the coronation festivities. The decorations were entirely composed of arms and armour from the Royal Ordnance



## Madame Sarah Bernhardt in Racine's "Phèdre."



DRAWN BY CHARLES BUCHEL

One of the best items in Madame Bernhardt's *répertoire* is her work in Racine's *Phèdre*, which was written so long ago as 1677



**The Henley Course.**—It is quite a speculation why the Henley course should have been originally fixed on for the contests between the London and Oxford rowing clubs, out of which the present great water carnival grew. Most probably it was because the place was about equidistant from London and Oxford and therefore convenient for both parties, and also because the course, being half outside Oxfordshire, might be supposed to be quite beyond the power and fury of the proctors. The reason, in fact, was much the same as that which caused Aylesbury to be selected as the scene of the "grinds." One thing is quite certain, that the course was not chosen on its own merits. Even now when it is limited to the reach between Temple Island and Henley Bridge and the way is marked out by posts it is not a straight one. In 1829, however, when the first match was arranged between Leander and Oxford, the course was from Hambleden Lock to Henley Bridge; that is to say, part of the way was almost in the shape of a semi-circle. The advantage, therefore, to the boat which drew the Berks station must have been simply immense.

## GOSSIP OF THE HOUR.

**The First Henley.**—The first match at Henley was for stakes amounting to £200. In the Oxford boat rowed the celebrated Marquis of Waterford, who was known as the "wild" marquis and was eventually killed in



1. The Canadian eight which is competing for the Grand Challenge Cup



2. University College, Oxford



3. Leander carrying in their boat after a spin

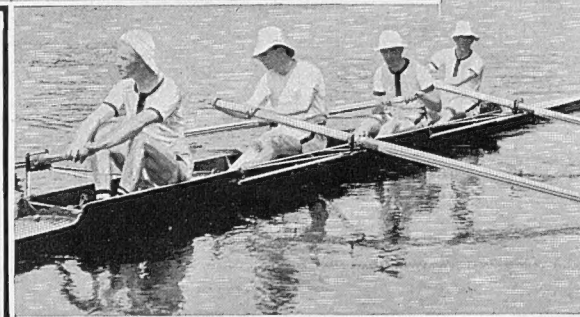


4. The Jesus College, Cambridge, four

Even in our own time, before the lines of posts were set up, it was always calculated that if two boats were equal the one which had the Berks station was sure to win unless there happened to be a stiff wind blowing from the west or north-west, which the Berks boat would get the full benefit of while the Bucks boat would be sheltered by the willows and bushes on the bank.

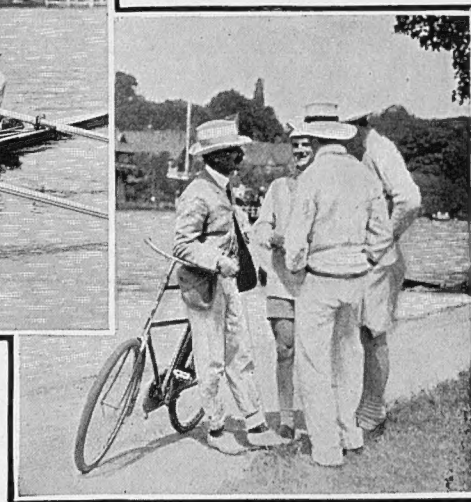


5. The Third Trinity eight



6. Trinity Hall four

**Fresh from America.**—Here is an American story which proves the latent advantages of the consular service. A tropical post on the east coast of South America was so horribly unhealthy that it was extremely difficult to get a consul for it. At last a man was found on whom mosquitoes and malaria had no effect, and he and the post thrived together until his wife succumbed, whereupon the consul went home. A year or two later the State Department received a letter from the ex-consul stating that he had married again and would now like to return with No. 2 to his former post.



7. Mr. R. C. Lehmann with his bicycle

HENLEY REGATTA—SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL CREWS

**Ghost Parties.**—Ping-pong must look to its laurels, for ghost parties are the latest diversions of those who, weary of the conventional amusements of the drawing-room, are seeking new sensations. The drawing-

## GOSSIP OF THE HOUR.

diphtheria, anthrax, and other maladies were carefully examined through the microscope by the Pope, who asked many questions, especially as to the manner in which the germs find their way into human bodies and as to the methods which have been devised for destroying them.

**The Postponed Coronation.**—*Apropos* of the postponement of the coronation through the King's illness it is curious to note that this is the only occasion on which such a thing has happened in English history. Edward I.'s coronation was postponed for the excellent reason that when his father died he was in the Holy Land. Edward III., who succeeded his deposed father, Edward II., was publicly chosen when the Archbishop of Canterbury appealed to the people assembled in the Abbey of Westminster to declare whom they would have to reign over them, the father or the son. They chose the son, who was therefore proclaimed King, but he refused to be crowned as

long as his father lived without his consent. The postponement, however, was not a long one, for the coronation took place ten days later, which speaks volumes for the simplicity of those times in comparison to the endless



Hampton Church

room lights are extinguished and a candle is brought in and placed on the floor in front of the hearth. The company gather about the flickering light, sitting on rugs and stools, and tell ghost stories, vying with each other in relating weird and uncanny tales. The sensation, so unlike that produced by any of the commonplace diversions of the drawing-room, is a new one and the ill-repressed yawn is banished, for society is entertained. The unsteady light of the solitary candle provides a congenial atmosphere for the ghostly tale. It wraps the company in shadow, covers the storyteller with a generous cloak of semi-darkness, while the novelty of it all refreshes the pleasure-sated. The young man or woman who can tell a good ghost story becomes the hero or heroine of the evening, and this new amusement is quite as effective as the country literary circle in sending the young folks—and older folks too—to their books. Libraries are ransacked for queer and fantastic tales. The ghost-party fad threatens to establish a new criterion of desirability in the circles in which it has taken hold, for in making up invitation lists cleverness in telling a good candle story counts more than aptness at the tame old amusements of which folks are heartily tired.

**Microbes for the Pope.**—Consternation was displayed in the Vatican the other day when Dr. Lapponi, Pope Leo's private physician, was seen going towards his Holiness's apartments with a large microscope in one hand and a case containing several phials and surgical instruments in the other. The rumour spread that the Pope had suddenly become ill, but soon the truth became known. Pope Leo has long taken much interest in the progress of modern medicine, and Dr. Lapponi's object was



Thames Ditton



Windsor Castle



Maidenhead Bridge



Cookham Lock



Sailing at Bourne End



Cottage in Quarry Wood, Bourne End



Henley Bridge

preparation and rehearsals which have gone on in the Abbey for the last three months. Queen Anne was the only monarch who nearly had to postpone her coronation on account of ill-health, for she was so crippled with gout and rheumatism, though only thirty-six years of age, that she could barely get through the ceremony, and the "supporting" bishops and officials had to take their office in its literal meaning.

**Uncrowned Kings.**—Coronations, however, are picturesque pageants, but are not in the least an integral and necessary proof of sovereignty. Kaiser Wilhelm has never been crowned, and certainly no one can deny the firm grasp of the "mailed fist" on the sceptre of Germany. The King of Italy is another uncrowned King and so was his father, though the Iron Crown of Lombardy is probably the most ancient and historic crown in the world. The iron part of it, which is almost completely hidden in gold and jewels, is said to have been made of nails from the Holy Cross, the gold being laid on for its protection. It dates from 395 and was one of the most precious possessions of the Emperor Constantine. It crowned the Lombard Kings, but the two last occasions on which it was used was in 1805, when Napoleon, who had carried it off to Paris, made the Pope crown him with it in Notre Dame, and in 1838, when Ferdinand I. of Austria was crowned with it at Milan. Its last public appearance was on King Humbert's bier two years ago; and it is said that threats of force had to be used to the priests in whose charge it is kept before they would allow it to be placed on the murdered King's coffin.





MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR'S PRIVATE DESK AT WHICH HE ALWAYS STANDS TO WRITE

**A Statesman's Way of Working.**—Mr. Balfour has a decided predilection for standing whilst writing or studying, and is always more or less ill at ease if he has to do his correspondence whilst seated. Even when writing his nightly letter to his Sovereign during the sitting of the House of Commons Mr. Balfour would much prefer to be able to stand to the work than to have to do it with the writing paper resting on his knees. The desk which appears in the photograph is quite an old favourite of the First Lord of the Treasury, who has used it for very many years. He keeps a tall candle in a candlestick constantly upon it so as to be ready if needed in the waning light of a dark London day. He reclines somewhat lazily with one arm resting on the desk when penning an ordinary letter unless it be necessary to use his left hand to keep the paper in position. The desk stands close by a window that overlooks the garden behind the house and which commands a capital view of St. James's Park.

**The Flight of Time.**—Many, many years ago, one day when the hall at the Four Courts in Dublin was crowded during the luncheon hour with all the lawyers and barristers exchanging notes and queries on each other's cases, two men entered with a long ladder. They placed it before the great clock which was the special ornament of the building and proceeded to examine it. Presently they unscrewed it from the wall, carried it down the ladder with infinite care, passed through the crowd of legal luminaries, who surveyed the work with indifferent eyes, out into the street, and were never seen or heard of again. This "owen-true tale" of brazen larceny is so widely known that one would have imagined it might have been recalled by the magistrate of the courthouse at Singapore. One day recently, when the court was sitting, a Chinaman entered with a ladder, salaamed to the bench, placed the ladder against the wall opposite the judge, removed a very valuable clock that hung thereon for the enlightenment of the judicial mind as regards the law's delays and the flight of time, salaamed again, and departed with the clock under his arm, never to be seen again. The only satisfaction to be got from the juxtaposition of the two stories is that Celtic wit had the start of Celestial by a good many years. Or perhaps it is only a case of history repeating itself as it has a way of doing like people who tell good stories.

**A Collector of the World's Press.**—The hobby of collecting newspapers is not exactly

## GOSSIP OF THE HOUR.

unique, but there can be little doubt that few folk in the world have carried it out so thoroughly and so well as Signor Cesare Poma, the Italian consul at Cardiff, who has certainly the most extraordinary collection of published journals in existence, not even excepting those in the finest public museums. Mr. Poma began his collection whilst engaged as consul in Smyrna; he carried it on when he was transferred to the United States; he has continued it since he came to England. The result is a wonderful number of papers, many being the only known copies and many specimens of some of the strangest newspapers under the sun. There is a collection of journals published in the islands of the Pacific; there are papers in at least thirty languages spoken on the American continent. Mr. Poma has in his possession papers printed in no less than nearly 120 languages.

**"Lett" Papers.**—As showing the completeness of the collection it may be stated that there are sixteen specimens of papers published in Arabic, though the average traveller in Arabian lands would have difficulty in naming two such papers he had seen or noticed. Twelve samples of Finnish newspapers makes one fancy that after all Finland is not so far out of the world as one is apt to suppose, whilst four papers of Hawaii show that the Pacific Islands keep up to date in news. It may be interesting to learn that there are Hebrew papers printed and published in London, New York, Warsaw, St. Petersburg, Cracow, and Jerusalem, and that two in the old Irish tongue are shown in the collection. But what is the "Lett" language and where does it exist? Mr. Poma has seven "Lett" papers and they are all published at Riga in Russia. He can show you nine Malay news sheets, one of the Surinam Negroes and one of the Sart tongue in Turkestan, besides other strange ones galore. Altogether it is a marvellous collection, proving more than ever the power of the press and the splendid labour of Signor Cesare Poma.

**The King's Favourite Dog.**—"Jack," the Irish terrier who has paid a daily visit to the sick room since his Majesty's illness, is a character in the King's establishment. Although he was only given to his Majesty at the latter part of last year he has already made himself such a pet that King Edward is hardly ever separated from him, and whenever the King travels Jack invariably accompanies him, whether it be a changing of the Court residence or on a visit to a country house. His usual place when his master is indoors is to lie close beside his chair, where he is ever ready for a gambol or a petting as the King desires. Jack has knocked about the land during the few months that he has been a royal favourite, for he was present with their Majesties on their visit to Devonport, and he stood by whilst the great battleship, *Queen*, was launched, an interested spectator of the ceremony. Those who are in immediate attendance at Court say they never remember his Majesty being so fond of any pet as he has shown himself of this favourite dog, so that Jack can certainly pride himself upon holding no small position amongst the subjects of his royal master.



LONDON'S PEA-SHELLING MARKET AT COVENT GARDEN

Clarke & Hyde

Where over 100 women are employed by one firm alone for the sole purpose of shelling peas



## THE MOTOR WORLD—WEEK BY WEEK.

**Paris to Vienna.**—The route of the Paris-Vienna race had to be several times modified before the difficulties could be overcome which some of the countries lying between the capita's saw fit to interpose. First, a prohibition of racing was feared in Switzerland; and then when the route was deflected through Bavaria, Bavaria objected, and the organisers had to try Switzerland again. The authorities were found to be more favourable than had been supposed, but it would have been necessary to approach those of every canton separately, and time did not allow of this being attempted. Therefore the Swiss stretch, from Belfort to Bregenz, was neutralised, and competitors had to pass through as tourists. The sections on either side of this portion are such as to effectively test the cars in the two main points—of speed and reliability. Through France the gradients are comparatively easy and the surface of the roads excellent, while in Austria much of the course lies in very hard country indeed, and the road for the most part is execrable. Between Bregenz and Salzburg the railway follows the road over the Arlberg to a height of 3,600 ft. and then plunges into a tunnel; the cars, however, had to pull up another 1,400 ft. to the summit, where the snow lies thick even at this season of the year. The descent is, perhaps, even more trying; one of the racers says it felt like falling down stairs so sheer does the road go down. A longer and more picturesque route was chosen for the tourist party which left Paris a week earlier. They held their way further south, touching at Dijon, Berne, Lucerne, Innsbruck, and Marburg, and reaching Vienna in time for the finish.

**An International Contest.**—The race for Mr. Gordon Bennett's cup was run in connection with the Paris-Vienna, the course being from Champigny (where the real start took place) to Innsbruck. It is an international contest, the rules providing for three champions from each club, but the Belgians and Germans, who in former years have come forward, on this occasion stood down; the Wolseley cars which were to have helped in representing Great Britain met with mishaps before the start, and Mr. Edge's Napier remained the sole opposer of the holders. However, for once the proverbial English swagger was justified, and one Englishman showed himself equal to three Frenchmen. The win is exceedingly popular as Mr. Edge has had to persevere in spite of previous failures, and, moreover, the vehicle which carried him to victory is in no way a copy of

continental models, but is of a design quite original for a car of its class. Its constructors did not aim so much at extreme speed as at steadiness, and were evidently well advised, for two of the other competitors were disabled almost at the beginning, and M. de Knyff, who held an advantage of an hour and three-quarters, had to stop twenty miles from home and was passed by the slower but less flimsy car. At the same time Mr. Edge's pace for the 387 miles was by no means bad as he covered the distance from Paris to Belfort in 6 hr. 3 min., and from Bregenz to Innsbruck in 4 hr. 38 min., or an average speed of thirty-six miles per hour. When it is remembered that he had several punctures, and in one place ran his car off the road and had to get it hauled out of a ditch, it will be seen that his actual speed must have been very much higher.



THE MOTOR RACE FROM PARIS TO VIENNA  
The departure of the Khedive's nephew, Sabis Bey

**Cup Law.**—Mr. Gordon Bennett did not himself settle the rules for the Gordon Bennett race, and it was apparently forgotten that English law prohibits racing speed, or was never contemplated that the cup would cross the Channel, as the regulations oblige the contest to be held annually in the country of the holder. It will probably be found that the cup laws are more easily modified than those which are made by the wisdom of Parliament; but even if it were possible to drive a coach and four through the Act there would still remain the difficulty of discovering a course of sufficient length along which it was possible to steer half-a-dozen racing automobiles. Extensive improvements have been undertaken at the Bexhill track, so that by next season the A.C.G.B. will be able to invite clubs over the water to short-distance contests on a thoroughly suitable course.

**Fifty-one Miles an Hour.**—At the moment of writing the results of the Vienna race are not announced. The entries numbered over 200 and a good deal of calculation will be required in order to allow for neutralised road and arrive at the net times. M. Marcel Renault was the first to reach the Prater, where a band welcomed competitors of all nations indifferently with the strains of the "Marseillaise." His total time for the three stages was 15 hr. 42 min., giving an average of 82 kilometres, or 51½ miles an hour. Count Zborowski, using a Mercedes car, came in second—and this is a further matter of congratulation as the count is a naturalised Englishman—though he may be only fourth or fifth on the reckoning.

**Two Thousand Miles on a Motor Bicycle.**—Mr. Joseph Pennell, the well-known writer

on pen-drawing, has just completed a trip of at least 2,000 miles on a motor bicycle to Florence by San Remo and Pisa, and after a considerable stay at Florence back to Havre. He states that on the return journey when he was quite alone he rode everything save part of Mount Cenis. Once he covered more than 300 miles on a single day. Mr. Pennell had endless trouble with his motor, but he never professes to be in any sense an expert, and the ride shows that these little vehicles can be of very real service in touring. His machine was a Phoenix.

**"Will it Explode?"**—The lamentable disaster by which some weeks ago M. Severo lost his life, though no doubt caused by the heat of the motor, was, of course, actually an explosion of the hydrogen gas with which the balloon was inflated. If it

were otherwise it would be the first instance on record of a motor exploding (which people seem to think happens daily), but it was not even that. The ominous noises which sometimes emanate from passing cars and give this impression are caused by a charge being driven unignited from the cylinder and firing in the silencer. They are in no way dangerous.

**Ever Faster.**—Mr. C. N. Schwab of the American Steel Trust has at present a car which will travel at sixty miles an hour; but as that does not lick creation he is stated to have placed an order for another which will make nearly ninety, and he offers to add £1,000 to the price if this speed is attained. This is probably not true, but such a machine would be of little use even for racing. Experienced men say that their present racers are too fast.



**Diamonds and Eyes.**—The latest semi-medical theory is that the fashion of wearing so many large diamonds is injurious to the eyesight. This theory is not likely to be agreeable to those ladies who rejoice in large "fenders," otherwise tiaras, but as the injury is done not to the eyes of the wearers but of the people who surround her it is possible that she may console herself with an adjusted-to-date version of the old saying, "Others must suffer in order that I may look beautiful." However, the thing cuts two ways, for if others suffer from her diamonds she is sure to suffer from theirs. The effect produced on the eyes is said to be somewhat like that of the electric light—a sense of bedazzlement and strain which is hardly noticeable at first but tends to become marked.

**Science v. Art.**—Science is beating art in South Kensington, at least in the architectural department. In other words the science college is beginning to rise visibly above its hoarding, and it is possible to see that it is to be another of those red-brick and white-stone public structures of which the Frenchman might have observed that they were not only wonderful but he wished that they were impossible. The art frontage still lies low, and the reason given is the enormous extent of the cellarage. However, it is pleasant to notice that it stands back a little from the road, unlike the needlework building. It is to be hoped that pressure will be used to procure the removal of the little statue in the neighbouring chicken pen, which is quite out of keeping.

## GOSSIP OF THE HOUR.



THE PRETTIEST RAILWAY STATION IN ENGLAND

The Great Northern station at Brough, Yorkshire

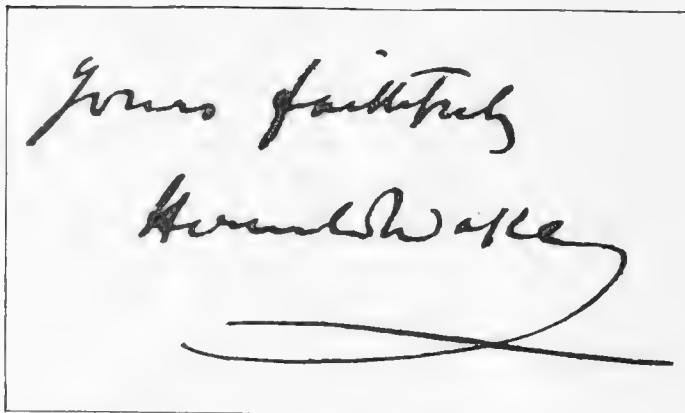
M.C.C. therefore raised the gate money to 2s. 6d. to keep out the rough element and the head masters made some stringent regulations.

**The Lofty Exeat.**—The Eton and Harrow match brings a three days holiday to both schools, with the exception of those unfortunates

who have had a sufficient number of differences of opinion with their masters to cause the latter potentates to deprive them of their holiday, that is "to stop the *exeat*." The holiday is called the *exeat* because the head master is supposed to give his permission with regard to each boy in Latin (? canine). He is supposed to observe "*exeat*" ("let him go" or "he may go"). Thosefortunates who have friends in London can stay with them from early on Friday morning to very early on Monday morning. Those who have no invitations to friends but are not "stopped" go in a body under

convoy of a master and are required to attend a call-over on the ground every two hours.

**The First Woman Publisher.**—Miss Florence White has the distinction of being the only woman publisher in England. She has had a curiously varied career; first a teacher (starting at the age of sixteen for the magnificent salary of £8 per annum), she afterwards took up journalism, and for some time was the only woman journalist in Scotland doing special commission work. Whilst helping to subedit the *Edinburgh Evening News* her health broke down, and to obtain the necessary change of air and scene she pluckily worked her way out to India in the capacity of children's nurse. Arrived there she trained for some months in a hospital as a probationer, then travelled in Burma, and eventually came home to start publishing. The first book Miss White issued concerned the treatment of small-pox; since then she has been very successful with a series of handbooks on practical domestic subjects and has several novels in hand for the autumn, including one by Mr. Pett Ridge.



THE SAME SIGNATURE FOR NEARLY NINE CENTURIES

The autograph of Sir Hereward Wake, Bart.

**The same Signature for nearly Nine Centuries.**—One of the very oldest families in the King's realm to-day, if not actually the oldest, in clear descent from father to son downwards is that of the celebrated Wakes of Courteenhall, Northamptonshire. And what makes them doubly interesting as a family is that they proudly trace back their ancestry through a long line of fighting men to the great "Hereward the Wake," whom Charles Kingsley splendidly named "Last of the Saxons." There is one notable feature about this grand family. Every son born in it receives as one of his baptismal names the famous cognomen of "Hereward." The head of the family to-day is Sir Hereward Wake, Bart., whose eldest son—another Hereward of course—kept up the military traditions of the family by acting as one of Lord Roberts's staff in South Africa, where he received the D.S.O.

**Half-Crowns at Lord's.**—The origin of the half-crown gate money which distinguishes the Eton and Harrow match from all others at Lord's is no doubt not known to the present generation. In the days when the writer first went to Harrow the gate money was 1s. But the match generally wound up with some sort of a



La Fayette

THE ONLY WOMAN PUBLISHER IN ENGLAND—MISS FLORENCE WHITE

**A Model Battleship.**—An ingenious use was made of a model battleship at Portsmouth during the assemblage of the fleet. The work is of wood and represents the *King Edward VII.*, which is being built at Devonport and which when finished will be an even more powerful fighting ship than the *London*. The keel-plate of the *King Edward VII.* was laid by his Majesty some weeks ago. The model, the size of which can be told by comparison with the figures about it, is made of wood and cleverly executed. It attracted many visitors to an entertainment dealing with the British Navy.

**The Naval Assemblage.**—The gathering is a thing of the past, and there must be thousands of persons who had arranged to visit Spithead who bitterly regret that they did not make the journey. I made several trips round the fleet, and anything more striking or impressive than the avenues of battleships, cruisers, and lesser craft it would be impossible to imagine. I have already written of the immense amount of work which fell upon the Admiral Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth and his staff in connection with preparing for the review. The noble spectacle showed at a glance how thoroughly Sir Charles Hotham and his officers had done their duty, and

#### UNITED SERVICE GOSSIP.

which were formed by the black-hulled, buff-funneled British ships of war to right and left, stretching as far as the eye could reach. The



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ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING OF THE DECORATIONS AT PORTSMOUTH  
A model of the battleship, "King Edward VII."

faultless weather made greater the pity that this unparalleled event should have come to naught through the illness of the central figure. It was profoundly impressive to look at his Majesty's yacht on the Saturday, which was to have been the great day at Spithead. She was moored up the harbour, a lifeless ship, when she should have

full of sightseers steamed past their cruisers and destroyer the ships' companies gave rousing cheers and waved their caps. The Germans, who were more in evidence ashore than the sailors of any other nation, were cordial also, and Cousin Jonathan indicated his goodwill in every way. The Spaniards were clearly anxious to show their friendly disposition, and the Greeks time after time lent a hand with British boats and launches. Two of the most criticised ships were the much-talked-of Russian *Pobyeda*—signifying "victory"—and the German *Kaiser Friedrich III.* That they are formidable fighting ships was generally agreed, but there was little difference of opinion on one vital point, namely, that in spite of the lavish way in which they are gunned they present far too big a target to an opponent. I could not help noticing that when nearly all the rest of the sailors were enjoying rest or recreation swarms of the Russians were at work like ants on the sides of their ship. For some reason the Americans were not so frequently seen ashore as on the occasion of the visit of the *Chicago* to Portsmouth nearly a year ago.

**Cooking for Troops.**—Great advances have been made in recent years in the arrangements for cooking the food of troops under canvas. Now that the summer—in name at any rate—is with us, and so many members of the three arms are temporarily sojourning in the open, ingenious devices are in extensive employment, but generally speaking they are not so elaborate or comprehensive as the apparatus in use by the Household Brigade when in the country.



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THE ADMIRAL'S LAUNCH FROM THE "MAJESTIC"

As it appears in Portsmouth Harbour

how completely his efforts had been seconded by every officer and man in the assembled British ships.

**The Silent Fleet.**—I made my first run up and down the columns on the afternoon of that Thursday which will henceforth be regarded as one of the most notable in British history. By that time the King should have been crowned, and the whole of the vast fleet should have been ready to burst into a glorious illumination, and should have been in very truth a joyous armada; instead there was perfect quietness. The sky was cloudless blue, the water was a deeper blue, and it was a never-to-be-forgotten sight to glance down the vast avenues—nearly four miles long—

been going on her triumphal journey round the fleet. The *Osborne* remained alongside the jetty, the *Victoria* and *Albert* having been removed on the Friday evening to make room for the departure of Prince Henry of Prussia and the Crown Prince of Denmark.

**Our Foreign Visitors.**—It was curious and instructive to compare the foreign ships and sailors with our own. The Japs carried all before them, and whenever a vessel



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ENGLAND'S NEW ALLY

Jap sailors buying toys to send home



## A GOSSIP ABOUT BOOKS.

In reading *Francis Bacon: Our Shakespeare*<sup>1</sup> and *Bacon and Shakespeare Parallelisms*<sup>2</sup> you are again and again reminded of that aphorism of Bacon's, "The root of all superstition is, that to the nature of the mind of all men it is consonant for the affirmative or active to affect more than the negative or privative," in other words to mark the hits and forget the misses. It would be strange, indeed, if there were not coincidences of experience, of thought, and of expression in the lives and works of two contemporaries of genius, and these coincidences, chosen judiciously and paraded effectively, would impress those whose knowledge of the two classics was superficial. But even the most superficial student of Bacon and Shakspeare must doubt the strength of a case which needs to be fortified by such amazing coincidences as Mr. Edwin Reed in these two volumes considers conclusive of the Baconian authorship of Shakspeare's plays. Here is a specimen of two of his parallel passages. From Shakspeare:—

Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it; he died  
As one that had been studied in his death  
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,  
As 'twere a careless trifle.

From Bacon: "Sir Thomas More, at the very instant of death, when he had already laid his head on the fatal block, lifted it up a little, and, gently raising aside his beard, which was somewhat long, said, 'This at least has not offended the king.'"

After reading pages of such parallelisms you begin to understand how it was reserved for Mr. Reed, Mr. Donnelly, and Mrs. Gallup to detect a shallow cheat which Shakspeare's great contemporaries and boon companions at the "Mermaid"—Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, &c.—never once suspected. Yet more amazing to me is the discovery that the author of Bacon's essays

A man whose blood  
Was very snow-broth  
should have been the author also of *Romeo and Juliet*, of *Venus and Adonis*, of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, and, above all, of the *Sonnets*.

The horrors described by Mr. Robert Sherard in *At the Closed Door*<sup>3</sup> really recall those of the slave ship and of the slave driver of the middle passage and of the doom of its survivors. "The lean cat is all fleas," says a Spanish proverb, and it is the desperately poor that suffer the most frightful of the oppressions endured, according to Mr. Sherard, by the steerage passengers *en route* to New York and, after their arrival, in Ellis Island. During the passage these wretches, being absolutely penniless, are starved and denied even water by the stewards, who supply only those that can bribe them; while on their arrival, also because they are absolutely penniless, they are detained (prior to their being battledored back to their European homes) on Ellis Island, sometimes for weeks. Here they are bullied and bludgeoned, as brutal cattle drovers bully and bludgeon their dumb charges, by the officials, who regard poverty as more criminal than crime. The two Irish "Invincibles," Joseph Mullet and James Fitzharris, who were concerned in the murder of Mr. Burke and Lord Frederick Cavendish, were far better treated by these officials than the penniless immigrant; and yet these "Invincibles," "in spite of the fact that they enjoyed exceptional privileges, declared that they were worse treated on Ellis Island by the United States Government than during any time of their incarceration in the English prisons." In truth Mr. Sherard's descriptions of the sufferings—which he shared—of these miserables is heart-sickening reading.

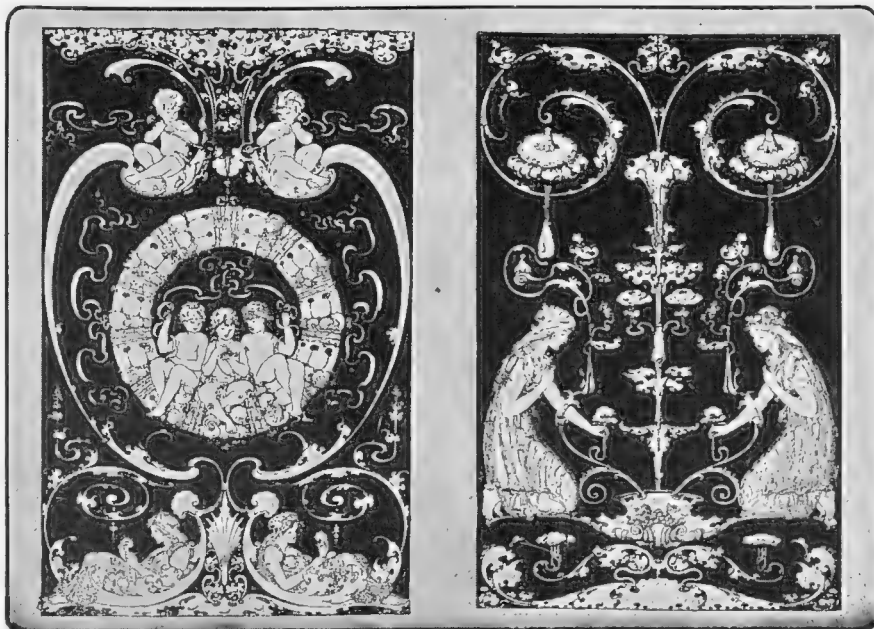
The alienation of Ireland to which Mr. William Watson makes this exquisite allusion in his stately and studied piece of declamation, *Ode on the Day of the Coronation of King Edward the Seventh*<sup>4</sup>

And high on Druid mountains hath the sun  
Flamed valediction, as the last lights died  
Beyond that fatal wave, that from our side  
Sunders the lovely and the lonely bride  
Whom we have wedded but have never won

—this deplorable alienation is at once expressed and explained admirably in Mr. R. Barry O'Brien's *A Hundred Years of Irish History*.<sup>5</sup> Of course, both Mr. Barry O'Brien in his terse and telling epitome of the period between 1800 and 1900 and Mr. John Redmond in his eloquent and trenchant introduction give you the Irish point of view; but, then, the Irish point of view is precisely that which an Englishman needs most, and cares least, to study. I promise this, at least, to any English reader of the slight volume that on laying it down he will understand Sydney Smith's statement: "The moment the very name of Ireland is mentioned the English seem to bid adieu to common feeling, to common prudence, and to common sense, and to act with the barbarity of tyrants and fatuity of idiots."

The moral of *The Epistles of Atkins*<sup>6</sup> is that of the Horatian *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi*. All the transcendent heroisms the poets have celebrated have again and again had their

counterparts in this war and must, therefore, have occurred—unrecorded—in other wars. But the Tommies of those days had at their service neither pen, ink, paper, newspaper, nor post office, nor for that matter the power to use them conferred by the School Board. The letters Mr. James Milne has collected, again, are but a tithe of those that have been published in provincial papers, while those thus published are probably but a tithe of those that have been written. Hence the encouraging conclusion that there is an incalculable amount of heroism latent in the least likely boys. Again and again you have recorded in these letters the Sir Philip Sidney incident of



INLAID PANELS DESIGNED BY MR. STEPHEN WEBB

Mr. Fisher Unwin publishes a magazine called *The House: a Journal of the Arts and Crafts*. The July issue is full of material of interest to anyone who desires to furnish a house or to improve upon his home. It is full of sketches, of which the above are noteworthy, that will help in decorating and beautifying

the wounded, parched with thirst, foregoing the water needed worse by a dying comrade. "Who's hit?" asked a wounded colonel who was being borne from the field on hearing "a tell-tale slushy thud." "Begorra, sir, an' it's me, in the neck," answered his Irish bearer. "Put me down," cries the colonel. "Faith, thin, I will not, sir." Nor does he till he has carried him out of fire. Another Irishman having been hit three times in quick succession exclaims at the third, "That's number three. Oh, begor, it isn't fair on the average." And he fires his pouch empty to mark his sense of the unfairness. "No, you stop here, you're a married man; I'll carry it," cries an officer to a corporal, whom he relieves of the despatch, the delivery of which lies through a deadly cannonade. His words are his own death sentence as they might will be the epitaph on his grave. "At Colenso all the gunners of a fifteen-pounder are shot save two, who still keep loading and firing. They use up the emergency rounds of case, and when nothing more can be done they stand to the 'tention,' and die as heroes should."

MILES BARRY.

<sup>1</sup> FRANCIS BACON: OUR SHAKESPEARE. By Edwin Reed. (London: Gay & Bird.)

<sup>2</sup> BACON AND SHAKESPEARE PARALLELISMS. By Edwin Reed.

<sup>3</sup> AT THE CLOSED DOOR. By Robert H. Sherard. (London: Digby & Long.)

<sup>4</sup> ODE ON THE DAY OF THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH. By William Watson. (London: John Lane.)

<sup>5</sup> A HUNDRED YEARS OF IRISH HISTORY. By R. Barry O'Brien. With an introduction by John E. Redmond, M.P. (London: Isbister & Co.)

<sup>6</sup> THE EPISTLES OF ATKINS. By James Milne. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

## SOCIETY IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

## Week by Week.

**New Arrivals.**—An important little personage, born rather more than a week before the date of the coronation, is the son and heir of the Earl of Guilford. The earl was married to Miss Violet Pawson just a year ago, his young bride's home having been adjacent to his seat, Waldershare Park, Dover, Kent, where the baby heir made his arrival. The Earl of Guilford, who is not yet twenty-six years of age, was regarded as a very eligible *parti*, for he succeeded his father at the early age of eleven, and during his long minority his interests were devotedly looked after by his mother, now the Dowager Countess of Guilford. Lord Guilford has an only sister, Lady Muriel North, one of the pretty girls of the season. Yet another new arrival whose advent in the middle of June kept another lady of high degree away from London is the second son born to Lady Katherine Brand, elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. Lady Katherine is the wife of the Hon. Thomas Brand, eldest son of Viscount Hampden, and her husband was one of those who had to leave for South Africa a few months after his marriage, the first baby arriving whilst he was still serving at the front. The second boy is just two years and a quarter younger than Master "Tom" Brand, and was born at Montagu House, Whitehall Place, the beautiful town house of the Duke of Buccleuch, one of the stateliest residences in London.

**A Yorkshire Family.**—Lady Milner, who has been so seriously ill, is the wife of Sir Frederick, the popular Yorkshire baronet. The Milners enjoy in a marked measure the personal friendship of the King and Queen. Lady Milner has a most charming manner and her tall, golden-haired daughters are equally naive. As would be expected she is great in amateur theatricals, and the play which she arranges at Kirkstall at Christmas is quite an event for Leeds people. Kirkstall is, of course, one of the Yorkshire properties of her brother, Mr. Ernest Beckett, M.P., Lord Grimthorpe's heir, and owing to his absence in China the Grange was closed last Christmas.

**A Witty Speaker.**—The Milners had for centuries made their home at Nun Appleton, near York. Unhappily they had some little time ago to part with the place,



Lafayette  
LADY MOYRA CAVENDISH'S LITTLE DAUGHTER, ELIZABETH  
Lady Moyra is a half-sister of the Duke of St. Albans and wife of Mr. Richard Cavendish, whose brother, Mr. Victor Cavendish, is heir-presumptive to the Duke of Devonshire

and it has followed the fate of so many others in passing into the hands of a West Riding manufacturing family. This was a terrible blow to the tenants, by whom the old family is greatly beloved, and at a sad gathering in the Bishop of Beverley's grounds at Bolton Priory they presented Sir Frederick with some valuable gifts to mark their esteem. Sir Frederick is a keen politician and a racy speaker. He goes straight for the point as the following episode illustrates. A couple of years ago there was a bye-election in York, at which Mr. George Faber was triumphantly returned. Mr. Faber was not well enough to go through the surging, excited crowds and return thanks, so he asked Sir Frederick to represent him. This the latter did, putting up good-naturedly with considerable hustling. Then from the rostrum

there came this opening sentence, "Electors of York, some miserable scoundrel has stolen my watch." The local Conservatives, however, were delighted to have the chance of marking their gratitude for Sir Frederick's services by giving him a new one, and there was consolation in the thought that the chain, to which was attached a trinket given to the baronet by the Duke of York, was left intact.

**The King's Agent.**—Who is Mr. Beck? Possibly you have never even heard his name, yet he is a most important personage in Norfolk on the King's estates and over the district for miles round. What he says is taken to be virtually as good as if Parliament had decreed it, for he is the chief "agent" of the King, the gentleman who has the head oversight of all matters pertaining to the royal estates and affairs in Norfolk, who acts only directly in obedience to the orders of his royal master, and those orders are usually given to him on his own reports and advice. King Edward is extremely fond of Mr. Beck and reposes the utmost confidence in him. He has a place in Sandringham Park where he and his wife (almost as much a favourite with the Royal Family as Mr. Beck himself) keep open house for all members of the Sandringham household, from the King downwards. To get to Mr. Beck's and spend an hour or two there is the delight of the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales, just as it has been, and is, the delight of older "children," for they are ever taken up with the

wonders therein.

**Crown Rubies.**—One of the rubies in King Edward's crown, valued at £10,000, was a present to Edward the Black Prince from the King of Castile. This jewel subsequently shone in the crown of Charles II. Although wrenched from the grasp of Colonel Blood in his abortive attempt to steal the crown it was lost for some days and was found by an old woman, a crossing sweeper. By the way, Holland once had a successful raid made upon its regal diadem, worth £120,000, in 1829, the thief being Polari, an Italian, who managed to escape with his plunder to New York. For two years the whereabouts of the crown jewels were a mystery, when the culprit was betrayed by a companion and the gems recovered from America and elsewhere.





THE HON. MARCUS PELHAM  
Youngest son of the Earl of Yarborough

**An Important Change.**—One noticeable change is the result of the season—to be known for always as the no-coronation season—which is now nearly past. It is thoroughly established that when the King and Queen honour a private house with their presence, whether for dinner, evening reception, or dance, the male guests are expected to come in knee breeches and silk stockings. Now, circulation is life in London as well as in the blood, and the circulators will naturally take their knee breeches with them wherever they go, thus provoking admiration and envy among those who are not similarly bedizened. Is it not probable that to remove this invidious difference knee breeches will take the place of trousers in evening dress generally?

**King and Windsor.**—The King will not visit Windsor Castle again until the pheasant-shooting season begins, when his Majesty will have some large shooting parties to shoot the coverts in the park and forest. Prince Christian, Captain Walter Campbell, and their subordinates have been taking measures to ensure a good head of game, but the heavy rains of June have been decidedly against them. It is hoped, however, that with fine weather there may be plenty of strong birds by October. During the King's absence the state apartments will be thrown open to the public on weekdays and the east terraces on Sundays, but the date is not yet fixed for the opening. Probably it will be on the August bank holiday.

**King and Continent.**—The King had engaged his usual suite at Ritter's Park Hotel, Homburg, for the middle and end of August before his illness assumed the acute stage. Contracts of this kind are always made, however, with a condition that his Majesty can throw up the rooms at pleasure on payment of a forfeit. There is no hardship in this

## SOCIETY GOSSIP.

as the hotelkeepers would be the first to acknowledge. The advertisement is immense. In fact, there would be an immediate rush of the wealthy to occupy at any terms the rooms which "were to have been occupied by King Edward." This succession to the leavings of royalty would be an event to talk about for the rest of their lives and to form the foundation of the family archives.

**What the King Will Do.**—As far as can possibly be predicted at the moment of writing it is quite certain that the King will throw up his rooms at Homburg—the treatment is lowering and would be most unsuitable. The same applies to Marienbad, which is even more lowering. Most probably his Majesty will be ordered another yachting cruise, which would include Cowes Regatta. When he suffered the injury to his knee at Waddesdon Park he was sent to sea as soon as possible; sea breezes always agree with him and do him a world of good. August is the month of regattas. It would be an amusement which his Majesty has not had for twenty years to go down the coast from one regatta to another, living at sea all the time. However, at present all this is mere conjecture. His Majesty's plans for the future must be more or less in the air, and probably nothing definite will be decided for at least another fortnight.

**The Osborne White Elephant.**—It is a most unfortunate thing that the air of Osborne does not suit the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales, because in consequence the palace becomes of no use at all. It will be open for the Cowes week, but the expense of keeping it up can hardly be said to have an adequate result in opening for a single week in the whole year. But the King never cared for the place, there is no shooting worth mentioning, and there are Windsor Castle, Sandringham, and Balmoral to compete with Osborne. However, royal palaces have been alienated before now, as Woodstock. Osborne is settled on the Crown, but as the settlement rests on the law the Crown can obviously invoke the aid of the Settled Land Act to remove the burden.



MASTER REGINALD LOYD

*Lafayette*

The youngest son of Mr. Edward Loyd and a nephew of Lord Lurgan

**A Welcome Arrival.**—Lady Balcarres, whose little daughter made her welcome arrival at Brook Street on the day which should have been Procession Day, was married rather more than two years ago to Lord Balcarres, M.P., the Earl of Crawford's eldest son, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the wedding having been what is known as a parliamentary one, many of Lord Balcarres' colleagues, including Mr. Balfour, attending the ceremony. The new baby has a little brother about a year and a half old, and who is, of course, a very important personage. Lady Balcarres' little ones have their grandparents living, the Earl and Countess of Crawford, their great-grandmother, the Earl of Crawford's mother, whilst on their mother's side they are the great-grandchildren of that grand old man, the Earl of Wemyss, their mother being a daughter of Lady Lilian Yorke, second daughter of the Earl of Wemyss, and who married, first, Sir Henry C. Pelly and then Mr. Henry F. R. Yorke. Sir Henry Pelly was the father of Lady Balcarres, who like her husband is very intellectual, rather serious in her tastes, and devoted to music.

**A Ghost in the Family.**—Mr. Walter Long, who takes such an interest in the imported dog, is not only a considerable and popular landowner in Wiltshire but he belongs to one of the oldest families in the west country. The Longs of Wroxall have a pedigree that is lost in antiquity and a family ghost which takes an intelligent interest in the fortunes of the house. Thus when one of Mr. Long's forefathers, Walter Long of Draycott, married a Thynne of Longleat as his second wife, and she worked upon her husband to disinherit the heir, a supernatural visitation saved the situation. The heir in question was certainly of a convivial disposition with a fine natural inclination to take the road to ruin; but the story goes that the Machiavellian stepmother employed a common friend to "lure him on to skittles." In the result the family lawyer had instructions to prepare a new will, but when the clerk who engrossed it came to the fatal clause a ghostly hand interfered with his work and he fled in terror from the room. The will was completed, for the Longs have always been a stiff-necked

## SOCIETY GOSSIP.

folk, but the story got abroad, and public feeling became so strong that a compromise was effected, and the convivial John eventually succeeded to Draycott on his father's decease.

**The "White Rose Prince."**—An interesting figure which was to have been at the coronation—interesting out of all proportion

to his real international importance—was that of Prince Leopold of Bavaria. He is one of the sons of Princess Maria Theresa of Bavaria (the wife of Prince Louis, eldest son of the Regent) who is known to our crazy "Jacobites" and "Legitimist leagues" as "the White Rose Queen," or "Mary III. of England and IV. of Scotland." This is because she is descended from the daughter of Charles I., whereas our Royal Family are descended from the daughter of James I. What she herself thinks of it may be judged from the mission of her son, and as Bavaria missed its opportunity of asserting her claims while we were engaged in South Africa it is probable that we are safe for the present.

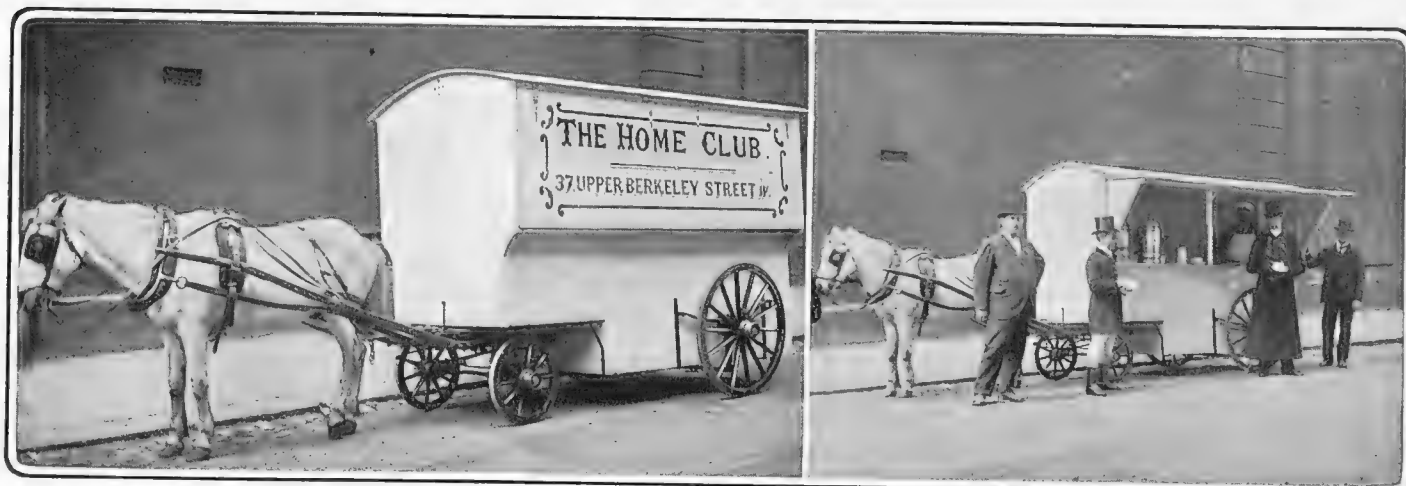
**Four-in-Hand Meet.**—The Four-in-Hand Club will meet for the second time this season on the Horse Guards Parade to-morrow afternoon (Thursday). It is hoped that the president, the Earl of Ancaster, will be present to lead off as he was absent at the first meet. This second meet is never a very successful one—first, because it is so late in the year and many whips have left town or sent their teams into the country; secondly, neither the time nor the place is so good for seeing or parading as Hyde Park in the morning; thirdly, because Henley Regatta will be going on. It has often been suggested that the meet should be earlier and should take place at Hyde Park in the morning. Perhaps Lord Ancaster and Mr. Lovegrove will consider the suggestion seriously. The only excuse for retaining the present rule is old custom.

**A Floating Art Gallery.**—The present river season will witness the inauguration of a houseboat art gallery on the upper Thames. Mr. Claude H. Rowbotham, who has taken a prominent part in the direction of the Wallingford Art Gallery, has secured the co-operation of the leading artists of the Upper Thames in his new scheme. This takes the form of an exhibition of river pictures on a specially-constructed houseboat. The houseboat will in turn be moored at Maidenhead, Marlow, Henley, Goring, and other popular resorts. The price of admission will be 1s., including catalogue.



Elliott &amp; Fry

MRS. HERBERT JESSEL  
Is the wife of Captain Jessel, M.P., and daughter of the late Sir Julian Goldsmid



J. P. Coughlan

THE COFFEE VAN BELONGING TO THE HOME CLUB, RECENTLY FORMED BY LADY HOPE FOR MEN SERVANTS  
The van is sent to any house where an evening party is being held, and refreshments are served to the coachmen and footmen who are waiting outside



**A Royal Marriage.**—The next royal wedding is the alliance of Prince Mirko of Montenegro with Mdle. Constantinovitch. The Prince, who is the second son of the Prince of Montenegro, is four-and-twenty, while his *fiancée* is just seventeen. She is the daughter of a Servian colonel who is connected with the house of Obrenovitch. The Prince is a typical Petrovitch; he has most artistic tastes, plays admirably, and studies bacteriology. His family have done better in marriages than any other family in Europe. His eldest sister is Grand Duchess of Russia, his sister, Helen, is Queen of Italy, and was almost (so gossip says) Czarina. His elder brother, Danilo, who came over for the coronation, is married to the Duke of Cambridge's grandniece, the Grand Duchess Jutta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. On her marriage she took the name of Militza, which always recalls Mrs. Patrick Campbell's part in *For the Crown*.

**The Gardens of Knole.**—On Wednesday Lord Sackville was to have entertained the *élite* of Kent in the beautiful gardens of Knole. Knole is a show house and a most comfortable mansion. Its historic and artistic treasures are wonderful. Its gardens are most extensive and are laid out in successions of terraces and lawns in all the most approved styles of landscape gardening. It stands in a park of 1,000 acres which affords a delicious variety of scenery. Here nature has been admirably seconded by art. Great masses of trees due to careful planting line the sides of the hills and give artistic boldness to the landscape.

**Heroines of Romance.**—The interesting *débutante*, Mrs. Guy Chetwynd, whose auburn hair, magnificent diamonds, and romantic antecedents attracted so much attention at the last Court, is the beautiful American who recently made a romantic marriage with the son and heir of Sir George Chetwynd. She is thus the daughter-in-law of Florence Marchioness of Hastings, who made the presentation. Lady Hastings herself, by the way, had also a romantic past. When she was Lady Florence Paget and had only just come out she was engaged to a well-known country gentleman who has since seen the Cabinet from the inside. On the wedding morning in the midsummer of 1864, however, when the gallant arrived at the church the bride was missing, and next day society was startled by the news that she had eloped with the young Marquis of Hastings. The truants met as a matter of fact at Marshall and Snelgrove's, and they were married at St. George's.

## SOCIETY GOSSIP.

**A Brilliant Fencer.**—At the Fencing Club in Cleveland Row, at Hurlingham when there are fencing competitions, at Oxford, and all sorts of places where they fence, Sir Cosmo Duff Gordon is known as a brilliant exponent of the art of swordsmanship, the sworn colleague of Castle, Cecil Haig, and other fencing lights. He is a young man with fair hair and a peaked beard. He inherited the baronetcy from his uncle, the late Sir Maurice Duff Gordon, a well-known

by Mr. Mackenzie's land on both sides of the river. Between the house and the river the ground is absolutely flat, low-lying meadows, through which a raised walk guarded on either side by deep ditches runs down to the boat-house and landing stage. The place has been in the family for over a century. Except on regatta days this reach is one of the quietest and prettiest on the river.

**Hostess at Greenlands.**—Lady Esther Smith, wife of the member for the Strand, invited a large party for the Henley Regatta at Greenlands, just below the starting point. Greenlands is on the river, and its beautiful lawn is one of the most picturesque objects in the reach. Lady Esther is a perfect hostess; she has all the charm of her family, the Gores, probably the most popular family in England or Ireland. Her brother is the present Earl of Arran and she is related to all the leading people in the kingdom. Greenlands in its present form was the creation of the late Mr. W. H. Smith, who loved to get a short holiday away from business and politics and spend it on the quiet lawns or the silent and smiling river.

**Might have been a Baroness.**—It is a curious fact that while so many dormant peerages were revived or regranted to daughters in the last reign, as in the case of the peerages of Cromartie, Beaumont, Dorchester, Berkeley, and others, that of Somerville should have escaped Queen Victoria's notice. It is a very ancient barony, dating back to 1424, that is shortly after the accession of Henry VI. It fell into abeyance between four daughters in 1870. The eldest of these (*née* the Hon. Louisa Somerville), now Mrs. Stuart Henry, resides at Bath, and according to the general rule of the last reign ought to be Lady Somerville in her own right.

In 1870, however, Queen Victoria was still plunged in mourning and took no interest in matters like these, while the process of invoking the House of Lords is a very expensive one.

**Lady Henderson.**—A lady who will wear her husband's coronation honours with grace and charm is Lady Henderson, the wife of Sir Alexander Henderson, M.P. Graceful, gracious, and handsome she makes a charming hostess both in Prince's Gate and at Buscot Park, their place on the borders of Old Berkshire not far from Bablockhythe. She is devoted to art and especially to Burne-Jonesism. She is never weary of feasting her eyes on the splendours of "The Briar Rose."



PRINCE MIRKO OF MONTENEGRO AND HIS FIANCÉE, MDLE. CONSTANTINOVITCH  
Who are to be married to-day

sportsman, and a certain fortune from his grandfather. He has lately taken to motor-ing, and may frequently be seen driving about in the new conveyance. It took him to Hurlingham the other day. He is a member of the smart and exclusive Travellers' Club.

**Fawley Court.**—Everyone who knows Henley knows Fawley Court, the residence of Mr. Mackenzie, who recently married the charming Lady Stapleton, widow of the late Sir Francis Stapleton of Grey's Cliff. Fawley is about half-way up the course and lies across the border-line of Bucks and Oxfordshire. The house is a large red-brick mansion standing in extensive grounds and surrounded



MRS. GUY CHETWYND

*Langfier*

Is the wife of Mr. Guy Chetwynd, eldest son of Sir George Chetwynd and the Marchioness of Hastings



Miss Ellen Terry as the Humorsome "Mistress Page" in



Window & Grove

"My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies, finely attired in a robe of white"

**"The Merry Wives of Windsor" at Her Majesty's Theatre.**



*Window & Grove*

This picture shows Mrs. Page dressed as a fairy to frighten Sir John Falstaff in Windsor Park



## THE BRAN PIE. By Adrian Ross.

The list of coronation honours, though deprived of much of its brightness by the postponement of the ceremony, is an interesting one from its impartiality, and still more by the establishment of two new orders—that for merit, and the Imperial Service Order. The first one is an obvious copy of the famous Prussian order, *Pour le Mérite*, and if restricted in numbers and given only to the most eminent men in arms, arts, and letters, may equal in honour its original. It was worthy of the thoughtfulness of the King to create an order to reward good work, often unknown to the public, in the departments of administration, but it is to be hoped that no more orders will be created now for a few reigns. There are quite enough to provide for all the distinguished men in or out of the public service. There is always a danger in the institution of rewards or distinctions for any class of actions; it is that people may work or fight with the reward in view, and it is not always the case that the course of conduct that gets the distinction soonest deserves it most. Where there are pots there will be pot-hunting. The Victoria Cross has been perhaps most often given for courage in rescuing wounded comrades. Consequently, in some cases the lives of the wounded and the rescuers have been needlessly risked and lost when it would have been far wiser and more humane to leave them under shelter. The game of playing for the D.S.O. is tolerably well known on the north-west frontier of India, and a C.B. is not always the reward of modest merit. As for knighthoods—but we know about them.

Of course, the system is a tempting one, and the French, Republican as they are, would sooner give up the Republic than the Legion of Honour and the tricolour flag than the bit of red ribbon. Even in the days when every man was a citizen and called everybody else *tu*, a Jacobin would distinguish himself by assuming a Roman or Greek patriotic name. If order is Heaven's first law the second law of human government is to create an order; it is so economical. The first expedient of a sovereign or ministry is to pay state obligations in paper money; but this does not answer, because after a time the paper comes back to the exchequer for taxes, and to refuse it would mean to make it worthless. So a government pays in bits of ribbon, symbolising social distinction, and nobody can present these brutally at a bank or a tax collector's office and ask for gold or a receipt.

If we are to have orders and decorations valued in England, however, we must change our mental attitude. The continental official has a small pay, but he is a great man. Why? Because he has power at his back. His assertion carries weight; the magistrate or judge looks on him with favour, on his adversary with distrust. Even when he is palpably in the wrong he must be supported, or the state will be brought into contempt and odium. The official may be contented with his power or he may translate it into the less lofty

form of perquisites, but he is regarded, and regards himself, as belonging to a race apart, with special privileges. Now a decoration or order from the chief of the state ranks the recipient with those whom the King delighteth to honour and makes him superior to his neighbours. Hitherto this temper has been but sparingly manifested in England. As Walter Bagehot pointed out, the prosperous grocer does not look up to the government clerk, nor can you make him see why he should do so; nor has the clerk, as a rule, any means of enforcing respect from the grocer or of revenging any evidence of contempt. The grocer, in fact, reasons thus: "I pay taxes and the taxes pay that young man's salary. He helps to look after Ceylon, where my tea comes from, or stamps my contracts just as my shopmen fill the canisters and send off the bills. He has to pass an examination, no doubt, but everybody does that now. My boys are always being examined. Am I going to take off my hat to this young man and let him marry my daughter? Not much."

Now this is not, perhaps, a very amiable or patriotic frame of mind, but it was, and still is, characteristic of the average Englishman and has helped to make him the successful person that he now is. A nation of shopkeepers is better on the whole than a nation of officials, if such a thing is conceivable. In France the nearest approach is made to the latter nightmare, with the result that French finances are feeling the strain rather badly. The average Frenchman sometimes seems to think that a population can live by each member drawing a small salary from the State.

It would be the irony of fate, indeed, if we should come to adore officialism and pursue after orders just as the French are finding them out. We may even come to invent as many compound titles as the Germans have to denote the ranks in our administrative hierarchy. But in order to establish the cult of office and orders we must invent not only masculine but feminine titles, like the



INDIAN TROOPS AT HAMPTON COURT

Germans, who, little as is the place they allot to woman in politics, have realised that she must be associated with man in titles of honour or man will not care to win them. Why do men seek after knighthoods and shun learning and religion? Because the wife of the knight is my lady, but the wife of the bishop is only Mrs., and the wife of the professor likewise. Our universities will remain poor till we have a lady mistress and a Mrs. Doctress Junior Tutor to each college. The "bishoppess," sneered at by the advocates of clerical celibacy, ought to be an official reality. Only we ought to carry the German practice further. The daughters of a dignitary or official (never mind about the sons) should carry their parentage on their cards and be known as (say) Miss Jane Brown, junior clerkling in the Washleather Office. Then everybody would know that Mr. Brown, the father, was a junior clerk in the office aforesaid, and (incidentally) could tell his probable income by consulting the proper work of reference.

**PLAYS. MUSIC. AND OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS**

**Week by Week.**



Caswall Smith

**MR. FORBES ROBERTSON AS "HAMLET" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE**

Mr. Forbes Robertson has varied the very successful run of *Mice and Men* with some matinées of *Hamlet*. One will be given to-morrow, the others on Friday and Tuesday



The astute theatre manager usually reckons a great season of public rejoicing (or sorrow) as bad for his business. This year, however, the bad weather has come to counterbalance the excitement over the coronation that was postponed. Fortunately, theatres had made no special preparations for the coronation, except, of course, the Covent Garden Opera, which was to decorate itself on a gorgeous scale. Indeed, according to "A Peer's Daughter" in a deservedly popular magazine, the gala night did come off.

Mr. Henry A. Lytton, the Earl of Essex in the comic opera, *Merrie England*, at the Savoy Theatre, worked long and hard before he came to be recognised as one of our best lyric artists by being cast for the King in *His Majesty* by D'Oyly Carte at the Savoy seven years ago. Since 1895 he has originated a part in each production at that theatre, but 1887 was actually the first year in which he made his appearance upon that stage in Mr. George Grossmith's part in *Ruddigore*. In the provinces with one of D'Oyly Carte's companies he toured for a considerable time, and there as well as in London made a name for himself as Robin Oak-apple in *Ruddigore*. He also went to New York for the American production of *The Gondoliers*, in which he played Giuseppe, and also during the run of fourteen weeks there appeared as the Duke of Plaza-Toro in the same piece.

None of Mr. Lytton's relatives were in any way connected with the acting profession; nevertheless, the stage had an extraordinary fascination for him as a boy, and when to that was added some little success in school theatricals nothing could restrain him from becoming an actor. He succeeded in getting on at the Philharmonic, which then stood on the site of the present Grand Theatre, Islington. He had a singing part in *The Obstinate Bretons*, and not very long afterwards went touring as Conn in *The Shaughraun*.

During the early struggling years of his life Mr. Lytton essayed painting, but the encouragement to persevere was not sufficient and once more he returned to the stage. His dressing-room at the Savoy contains many examples of his own efforts as an artist, mostly smoke pictures, but a picture-poster designed by him and Mr. Cecil Aldin for the Savoy piece will go to show that the commercial side of art has also some attraction for him. He has tried his hand, too, at play and sketch writing. One of his pieces has had a long run at a London hall, and two others—one complete, the other nearly so—will, he hopes, show progress and, of course, profit. In one of those sketches he expects his wife, Miss Louie Henri, a lady who sung in Savoy operas, to make her return to the stage.

Mr. H. E. Moss, who is known in London as the gentleman who provided us with that very entertaining institution, the London Hippodrome, has made his home in Edinburgh, where he is a local celebrity of no small account. He was chairman of the King's Dinner Committee which provided a coronation dinner to the Edinburgh poor; he is a magistrate of the city and the proprietor of a large mansion known as Middleton House, a short distance from Edinburgh. Mr. Moss began his successful career in Edinburgh about twenty-five years ago as the proprietor of a music-hall.

## Plays and Players.



MR. H. A. LYTTON OF THE SAVOY

As becomes a man who has had such a successful business career and who has turned fifty Mr. Moss has recently been giving some of his reminiscences, including one or two good stories. While as a young man he was attending a series of concerts in Glasgow as a music teacher he had the

misfortune to lose his overcoat, and inserted the following advertisement in the newspapers: "If the gentleman who on Monday evening took away from the City Hall an overcoat which does not belong to him finds it does not fit, will he kindly return it to the following address?" The individual who had appropriated the overcoat, or some other wag, replied as follows: "The gentleman who on Monday evening took away from the City Hall an overcoat which does not belong to him finds it fits exceedingly well, and

therefore will not trouble the owner by returning it."

Mr. Moss has probably performed more journeys between Edinburgh and London than anyone else excepting railway officials. On one of his journeys he was a little disturbed to find that his only companions were three cardsharps.

Mr. Moss assumed at first an air of indifference, but by and by smiled quietly to one or other of the confederates. They soon began to try to induce him to join in the game. He then burst out laughing and exclaimed, "It is of no use, boys; why I work the game myself!" The game was discontinued for the rest of the journey and Mr. Moss was able to read his papers in peace.

Perhaps the most successful enterprise which Mr. Moss has ever conducted is that which he gives every new year in the Waverley Market, Edinburgh. He began by paying a rent of about £20 a night for the use of the hall, and now pays £1,800 for three weeks. Mr. Moss once took a fasting man, a Frenchman, to Edinburgh for exhibition. The people were not interested in seeing him fasting as they probably thought that they got nothing for their money. The enterprise turned out a failure. At the end of the thirty days fast Mr. Moss announced that the Frenchman would eat his first meal in public in the Waverley Market, taken for one night for the purpose. There

was something sufficiently novel in seeing a man take his first meal after thirty days fasting so that the people came in thousands and failure was turned into success.

Mr. Francis Neilson, the clever young stage manager who has

done such brilliant work at Covent Garden, is an interesting personality. He learnt his profession in America, where he enjoyed the intimate friendship of Anton Seidl, the great Wagnerian conductor, who, knowing his literary talent, induced him to embody the beautiful legends of Hiawatha in the libretto for a trilogy which he himself would set to music. Seidl had just composed the music to the first part only, "Manabozo," when he died.

## The latest Portrait of Miss Jessie Bateman.



Bassano

Miss Jessie Bateman, who went to America with Mr. Hawtrey's company, made her reappearance in *The Bishop's Move*, the play by Mrs. Craigie and Mr. Murray Carson, which was put on at the Garrick for a charity performance





MISS SMYTH

Whose opera, *Der Wald*, is to be produced at Covent Garden



MISS GERTRUDE PEPPERCORN (pianist)



MR. HAMILTON EARLE

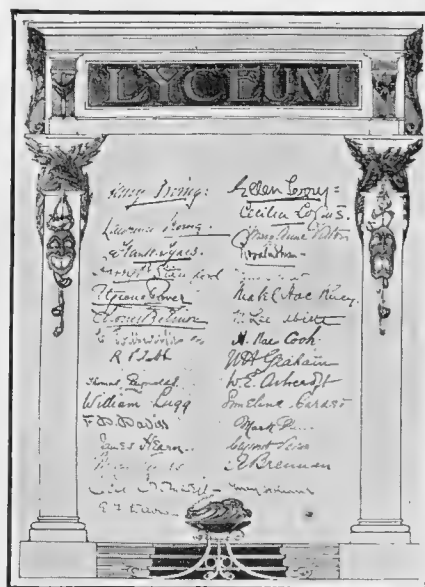
One of the very few English singers at Covent Garden

The opera season at Covent Garden is nearing its close, but before the end of the season a one-act opera of more than usual interest will be produced. This is *Der Wald*, written by an Englishwoman but produced in Germany. The opera will be given in German with the following cast: Frau Lohse, Miss Fremstad, Herr Pennarini, Mr. Bispham, Mr. Blass, and Herr Klöpfer. Herr Lohse will conduct. A great wave of enthusiasm has swept over the little world behind the scenes since the score of *Der Wald* appeared, and the production will be carried through *con amore* by the singers.

Miss Smyth is an Englishwoman well known in London society, but she has lived for many years in Germany. Her first opera, *Fantasio*, which she considers an artistic failure, was produced at Weimar in 1898 and created a considerable sensation in the Fatherland, compelling German musicians to acknowledge that the composer was entitled to be taken seriously if only for the promise which her first work contained. *Der Wald* was produced recently in Berlin in the teeth of violent Anglophobia which broke out on all sides. In the opera house it took the form of an organised opposition on the part of the stage management, against which the unfailing courtesy of the intendant, Count Hochberg, and of Dr. Muck, an enthusiastic champion of *Der Wald*, proved ineffectual. The newspaper critics, moreover, were unanimous in condemnation of the work; the public came in crowds to condemn but fell under the spell, and came again and again.

The central idea of the work is the powerlessness of human joys and woes to affect the enduring peace and majesty of the forest. The story is simple and suggestive. Röslein and Heinrich, the forest lovers, are on the eve of their wedding day, and the peasants are assembled to wish Röslein happiness, when suddenly the merry-making and dancing are interrupted by the weird blast of a horn heralding the approach of the Lady Iolanthe, an enchantress who has won the heart of the lord of the demesne. Her baleful influence soon makes itself felt. After an invocation to the forest to protect them the lovers separate, and Heinrich finds himself face to face with Iolanthe, whose lustful eye has been attracted by the handsome form of the vigorous young forester. Heinrich, steadfast in his love for Röslein, is proof against Iolanthe's wiles and firmly refuses to forsake his bride and become her huntsman. Iolanthe, after spurning the landgrave, her former lover, avenges her slighted passion by having Heinrich murdered

## Music and the Opera.



THE ACTORS' GIFT TO THE KING

This is the page of signatures of the Lyceum company

by her huntsmen before Röslein's eyes. She then rides away through the wood sounding her baleful horn, and the spirits of the forest appear and contrast the transitory nature of human happiness and suffering with their own eternal springs of life and beauty.



HERR FÖLDESÝ

I enjoyed *Tristan und Isolde* last week immensely, although I shall never be able to accustom myself to the quality of Van Dyck's voice. What held the house was less the vocal aspect of the performance than the complete intelligence permeating the whole performance from start to finish. Nordica's Isolde is a fine creation. Bispham's Kurvenval is surely unmatchable, and Mdlle. Fremstad's Brangane is full of tragic colour. Nothing could be better than her "Habet Acht" song. I would draw special attention to the beautiful scenery which has been specially painted for this production. In this respect Covent Garden has made a great advance, and its productions are on a level with those of the regular theatre.

Mr. Hamilton Earle, who has achieved considerable success both last season and this at the Opera, is the son of a well-known citizen of Liverpool. He was educated at Harrow and was a leading light in the school music both with his voice and his violin playing. He studied in Berlin and Paris, in which latter city he was a pupil of Bouhy. He married about a year ago that charming soprano, Miss Louise Dale.

Herr Földesy, the youthful 'cellist, who makes his second public appearance in London this season to-day (July 9), is the son of a musician connected with the opera at Buda Pesth. His principal studies were conducted by his father, and subsequently he had the advantage of the tuition of Professor Hugo Becker. He made his *début* at the Queen's Hall on June 9.

Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, the talented pianist, studied at the Royal Academy of Music under Mr. Tobias Matthay and made her *début* at St. James's Hall in 1897. Since then she has played with increasing success at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts and accompanied Mr. Edward Lloyd on his farewell tour in 1900. In 1901 and 1902 Miss Peppercorn gave recitals in Berlin and Dresden with most gratifying results, playing to enthusiastic audiences and receiving great praise from the German press. Next season she is to revisit Germany, and amongst many other engagements will play for the Liverpool Philharmonic Society.

Miss Ada Davies, who has just given a concert at Steinway Hall, is a niece of Mrs. Sam Lewis. She studied in Paris under Jacques Bouhy and made her *début* at the Opéra Comique. She worked very hard last year, and her voice, which is an exquisite soprano, has gained in volume and expression.

## Our French Visitor—Madame Jane Hading.



Madame Hading has been playing at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill Gate



## Miss Anna Held's "Little Duchess" in New York.



THE "SADIE" GIRLS

Large audiences have appeared night after night for the last few months at the Casino Theatre, New York, to witness the performance of De Koven and Smith's pretty musical comedy, *The Little Duchess*, with Miss Anna Held as the star. As is generally the case in this class of play there is little plot; if there were it could hardly be the delightfully light and pretty thing it is. The music is bright and most "infectiously catchy"—and this applies not only to an occasional song or dance but to the whole opera. There is no end of fun; indeed, it does not flag for a moment, Miss Held herself with Messrs. Bigelow, Marion, and Herbert being responsible for most of it, while Mr. Sidney Barracrough's splendid voice is much enjoyed. The "Sadie" girls as they are popularly called owing to the name of one of their number, about whom Miss Held sings a song in which they join, are a particularly pretty and attractive collection, while the "fencing school" scene in the third act is a "go."



TWO OF THE SIXTY FENCING GIRLS

The staging of *The Little Duchess* has been most lavishly done by Mr. F. Ziegfeld, jun. The production cost over £12,000, and the plucky expenditure has met with its due reward. Miss Held's dresses are described by an enthusiastic correspondent as being perfect dreams. Of the thirteen "Sadie" girls in the second act, all of whom are beautifully gowned, eight dresses cost £200 each and the other five £140 each, while fourteen dresses made of roses in the same act cost £1,200. You may hear the airs of *The Little Duchess* everywhere much as one used to hear those of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. One expects to learn that some enterprising manager has secured *The Little Duchess* for London at the close of its New York run. Miss Held, of course, is well known to Londoners, for on more than one occasion she has had very successful engagements at the Palace Theatre. Mr. Barracrough, who lends her much valuable aid in *The Little Duchess*, will be remembered for his excellent work in *Florodora*.



THE FISHER MAIDENS

## JOTTINGS OF A JOURNALIST. By C. K. S.

I note that Mr. Augustus C. Hare is shortly to have an exhibition of pictures at the Leicester Gallery, Leicester Square, one of those interesting little picture galleries of which London boasts so many and where one can spend so many pleasant hours. The Leicester Gallery belongs to Mr. Wilfrid and Mr. Cecil Phillips. This collection of pictures will be one more example of Mr. Hare's extraordinarily versatile interests. Mr. Hare comes of an interesting family; everyone who is not too young remembers *Guesses at Truth* which Julius and Augustus Hare published with so much success, and equally do literary students know *The Remains of John Sterling*, to which Carlyle's little biography was meant to be an antidote.

There was another brother in addition to Julius and Augustus, but neither his father nor his uncles have obtained anything approaching the reputation that belongs to the present Mr. Augustus John Cuthbert Hare, who, born at Rome in 1834 and educated at Harrow and University College, Oxford, has made himself known in a variety of directions. Alike in southern Italy, in Rome, in Florence, and in London one is glad to use his guide books. "I have lost my hair," a lady was supposed to have shrieked as her carriage was leaving the Grand Hotel at Rome, when it was only her "Hare" she had lost. In wandering through the Eternal City you find as many copies of *Walks in Rome* as of Baedeker or Murray. Then he has given us other books—*Memorials of a Quiet Life*, *The Gurneys of Earltam*, and *Baroness Bunsen*, to say nothing of the fact that to him belongs the distinction of publishing the longest autobiography on record. That so indefatigable a worker in literature should be an artist as well is the more remarkable, and curiosity, if nothing else, should draw a great many visitors to the Leicester Gallery during the next few weeks.

A statement is given out that one of the illustrated papers has lost £7,000 by the postponement of the coronation. This statement is, of course, absurd. There might have been some newspaper foolish enough to have produced illustrations beforehand of incidents that had not happened, although this is far from being within the honourable tradition of illustrated journalism of late years, but it is almost incredible that any newspaper could have been so foolish as to have actually printed the material thus prepared before the coronation had taken place. Yet only by printing the material beforehand and by dating it page by page as a newspaper is required to be could it be rendered useless for the future, and only in this way could any sum approximating to £7,000 have been lost by the publishers of an illustrated journal.

Meanwhile the pathetic and tragic postponement of the coronation, which we all lament on every ground, had distinctly humorous touches, not only in the manufacture of imaginary pictures but even in descriptive articles. One monthly magazine,



MR. AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE IN HIS STUDY AT HOLMHURST

for example, tells us all about the ceremony. The article is written by a peer's daughter:—

The coronation was a wonderful sight—for those inside the Abbey, at all events. The magnificent display of jewels and orders, the richness of colour of the mass of beautiful crimson robes of the peers and peeresses, the glitter of the hundreds of coronets, and the kaleidoscope of brilliant tints worn by the many other spectators formed a never-to-be-forgotten picture. Then the procession next day, not a little increased in impressiveness by the millions and millions in the streets, on the stands, and filling every window.

And then again we have this marvellous example of prescience as to the gala night at the Opera:—

The gala night at the Opera was a disappointment to many, no doubt, but certainly not to all. Seldom have we had a worse chorus, and even stars of song must shine

less brilliantly as years go on. The unrivalled Jean has not the wonderful power he had once, and if Melba is as delicious as ever she is no better. As for Caruso he is a distinct disappointment. Gala night can mean nothing more than fine music, a great show of diamonds, beautiful floral decorations, and a full house. Once seen it is not worth paying fabulous prices for stalls to see it again.

Mr. Walter Judd of Queen Victoria Street has just produced a new illustrated technical monthly entitled *Page's Magazine*. This venture owes its inspiration to Mr. David Page, who until a year ago acted as English director to *Cassier's Magazine*. Mr. Page's magazine is edited and printed entirely in London; it, therefore, has claims to be by far the most up-to-date English magazine of engineering. This makes the ninth trade paper in which Mr. Judd has a proprietary interest.

Our friend Mr. Punch has entered upon a pleasant innovation in its latest issue. We now know who are the band of merry gentlemen who keep us so much amused week by week; in other words, it is henceforth not only the artists of *Punch* who are to be known to fame but the writers as well. I learn from the index provided with the current number that the amusing "Authors at Bow Street," "Notes and Queries," and "Sketchy Interviews" are by Mr. E. V. Lucas and Mr. Charles L. Graves, that Mr. Punch's "National Dramas" are by Mr. St. John Hankin, that "From the Diary of a Genius" is by Mr. R. C. Lehmann, and that an infinite variety of humorous verse is by Mr. Owen Seaman, who, indeed, generally publishes with his initials. Mr. G. S. Street, Mr. H. D. Browne, Mr. A. A. Sykes, and Mr. G. C. Pollock, the promising son of Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, would seem to be the most industrious of the other literary contributors to this volume, in which, of course, Sir Frank Burnand, the editor, is well represented.

I take the following from last week's issue of the *Buckingham Advertiser*:—

I, F. S.—, apologise to Mr. C— for what I said to him in the accident caused to my dog.

What a pity one's county newspaper does not fill in the gaps as a London halfpenny print would certainly do.

Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld, who has for some time been associated with the *Daily Mail*, asks me to say that he is now the foreign editor of the *Daily Express*. Mr. Blumenfeld is one of the ablest of our London journalists.



## Current Sports and Pastimes.

**The Eton and Harrow Match.**—On the question whether the Eton and Harrow match of 1805 was a genuine fixture arranged by the recognised authorities of the two schools or not controversy has raged warmly between the supporters of the rival interests. Harrow tradition has it that it was a scratch fixture arranged by the famous Lord Byron, who



Hills &amp; Saunders

THE HARROW CAPTAIN—C. H. EYRE

was only a poor player himself, on the one side and of one, Haye, an Etonian, on the other. But, rightly or wrongly, it has come to be generally accepted as the first of the long series of contests between the two schools. It was Harrow's decisive defeat in this match which is said to have inspired the following lines from the Etonians :—

*Adventurous boys of Harrow School,  
Of cricket you've no knowledge;  
You play not cricket but the fool  
With men of Eton College.*

To these Lord Byron sent the following reply for Harrow :—

*Ye Eton wags, to play the fool  
Is not the boast of Harrow School.  
What wonder then at our defeat,  
Folly like yours could ne'er be beat.*

There was no match after this till 1818, and from then till 1832 the two schools only met at irregular intervals. Harrow had dwindled down about this period to very small proportions and in 1829 it only boasted of ninety-eight boys, which may, perhaps, partly account for the discontinuance of the match in certain years. Since 1832, however, with the exception of the year 1856, in which the Eton eleven were not allowed to play at Lord's, the series of matches have been continuous up to the present time. Had Eton won instead of Harrow in 1898 the result would then have been a tie, as each school would have won twenty-nine times. As it is Harrow has been successful in the only three matches which have been played to a finish since 1898, and now claim thirty-two wins to

twenty-eight of Eton. The 152 made by E. (now Sir Emilius) Bayley for Eton in 1841 still remains the highest score of the match although sixty years have passed since it was made. Harrow's best individual score in the series is T. G. O. Cole's 142 in 1897.

**Gentlemen v. Players at Lord's.**—The committee of the Marylebone Club chose two strong elevens for the Gentlemen v. Players match, and though the omission from the teams of one or two names occasioned some surprise on the whole there was little fault to find with the composition of the sides. Lionel Palairet was, I believe, asked to play, but found himself unable to accept the invitation. For myself, I think Jephson was rather lucky to get a place, and many people would have liked to see C. J. Burnup playing for the Gentlemen. For the last five or six years Burnup has been the mainstay of the Kent batting, and there is no finer long field in England. He covers more ground than any other long fielder I know, and in saying this I am not unmindful of Denton, and his returns are quick and accurate. Burnup made a really wonderful catch at Lord's in the M.C.C. and Cambridge University match. He ran quite thirty yards and took the ball with one hand while going at full speed.

**The Players' Eleven.**—Shrewsbury was, of course, asked to play, but like Lionel Palairet was unable to do so. No fewer than five Yorkshiremen are included in the Professionals' eleven, and with F. S. Jackson and T. L. Taylor in the Gentlemen's team the champion county can boast of seven representatives; a record, for no other county has ever before had as many men in one year in the two teams. Lilley would have been given the preference over Hunter as wicketkeeper, but seeing that they had a county match on Warwickshire were very reluctant to let their one and only stumper off. Yet another Yorkshiremen, Haigh, might easily have been

chosen, but it was thought that seven Yorkshiremen in the two elevens were perhaps enough, and there was also a very strong desire that Tate, who has done such good work for Sussex for quite a dozen years, should have the honour of a place in this historic match. Tate was the first bowler to obtain a hundred wickets this season, and his



Hills &amp; Saunders

THE ETON CAPTAIN—R. GREGSON ELLIS

selection was most thoroughly deserved. It is the first time he has ever appeared in the Gentlemen v. Players match at Lord's. Albert Trott might, I think, have been given the preference over Denton. Trott is such a fine all-round cricketer that one can hardly imagine a representative players' eleven without him. He is not, perhaps, the cricketer he was two or three years ago, but he is still brilliant, if uncertain, and many people will be disappointed at his non-inclusion.

**An Irish Bowler.**—T. C. Ross, who was selected to play for the Gentlemen, is a member of the Phoenix Club in Dublin. He formed one of Lord Cadogan's Irish team which came over to this country at the end of May, and bowled uncommonly well. His bowling impressed all who played against him.

**Middlesex Unrepresented.**—For the first time for many years Middlesex are unrepresented. The Middlesex team have indeed fallen from their high estate, and at the moment stand at the bottom of the first-class counties bracketed with Hampshire. It is not so many years ago that Middlesex had four or five men in the Gentlemen v. Players match in the days when A. E. Stoddart, G. MacGregor, Sir T. C. O'Brien, F. G. J. Ford, E. A. Nepean, and Jack Hearne were at their best. Indeed, unkind critics are saying that in the absence of P. F. Warner Middlesex contains only two decent batsmen—Bosanquet and W. P. Robertson.



LORD HAWKE

Who scored 107 and carried his bat right through the innings in M.C.C. v. Oxford at Lord's last week

**Lord Hawke's First Hundred at Lord's.**—His 107 not out for M.C.C. v. Oxford University at Lord's was the first hundred Lord Hawke has ever made at Lord's. He has, of course, scored over a hundred on several occasions, but never before at Lord's. It was also the first time the Yorkshire captain had ever carried his bat through an innings. "His Lordship" has been somewhat out of form this season, and has lately been standing down from the Yorkshire eleven, Mr. F. S. Jackson, who now that his father has been raised to the peerage will appear on the score cards temporarily disguised as the Hon. F. S. Jackson, officiating as captain in his stead. After his fine innings at Lord's Lord Hawke may be expected to return to the command of Yorkshire. He should remember that even if he never made a run he is worth a place in the county team if only for the good influence he exercises over the team. The Yorkshire eleven adore their captain and are never really happy when he is away from them.

**Abel's Selection to Play for England.**—I was delighted to see that the selection committee had given Abel a place in the third test match at Sheffield. No batsman in England has more thoroughly deserved the honour. Haigh, too, has been bowling magnificently this summer, and after his many fine performances could hardly have been passed over. On his day there are few more difficult bowlers than Haigh, and on a sticky wicket in particular he is, perhaps, the most awkward bowler we have.

**Mr. C. B. Fry's Omission from the England Eleven.**—Mr. Fry is such a genuinely keen cricketer that everyone who knows him was sorry that he was not originally selected to play for England at Sheffield. When Ranji fell out Mr. Fry was, of course, the man to fill the vacant place. Latterly Mr. Fry has been showing something like his true form, but on the whole he has not been anything like the batsman he was last year. I shall, however, confidently expect to see him playing in the test matches at Manchester and the Oval.

**Kelly's Understudy.**—Of the five new men in the Australian team not the least interest will centre in the performances of H. Carter, who has come over as second wicketkeeper to J. J. Kelly. Sheer merit must have had a

Wales as a really good wicketkeeper, with J. J. Kelly available and at his best there was no chance for him in inter-state matches. With Kelly's inability to play for New South Wales in the return match with Victoria last January he took the wicket and with marked success. As in addition to being a wicketkeeper of quite the first class he is above the average as a bat, the Australians should have in him a very useful reserve. He is by birth a Yorkshireman.

**The Australians' Visit to Edinburgh.**—The Australian cricketers have not played in Scotland for twenty years, 1882 being the last occasion on which the Scotsmen tackled the colonials. W. L. Murdoch, who still retains much of his form, was the Australian captain in that season, and in his eleven were such famous cricketers as Blackham, Massie, George Giffen, P. S. McDonnell, and the four then famous bowlers, Spofforth, Palmer, Boyle, and Garrett.

**August Cricket.**—Most people endeavour to get away from London in August, but those who remain will have plenty of good cricket to look forward to. On August 11 there is the final test match at the Oval, and on the three following days Surrey play Lancashire, while the M.C.C. will again tackle the colonials at Lord's. Then Middlesex have ten days at Lord's, playing Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Australians in succession—this being the colonials' last appearance in London.

**A Professional Cricketer as Author.**—Alfred Shaw, the once famous Nottingham bowler, has written a book which will be read with pleasure by all lovers of the game. There are not many instances of professional cricketers blossoming out as authors, but the late Richard Daft, who played, by the way, both as an amateur and a professional, wrote *Kings of Cricket*—an interesting work—and William Caffyn, the Surrey cricketer of the sixties, is the author of *71 Not Out*. Alfred Shaw's book is full of interesting matter relating to the game, and there are many good stories well told.



THE MIDDLESEX CAPTAIN

Mr. G. MacGregor, whose engagement to be married has just been announced

good deal to do with his inclusion in the side as Hugh Trumble, Clem Hill, and M. A. Noble, the selectors, could hardly have been biased in his favour. As a matter of fact, though he has been known in New South



E. CARTER



J. J. KELLY

The two wicketkeepers of the Australian team



# THE RESULT OF OUR MONOGRAM PRIZE COMPETITION.

## More than 1,000 Competitors sent Correct Solutions.

It is no exaggeration to say that several thousand competitors took part in the Monogram Competition. Whether those thousands were five or ten I cannot state with accuracy, but huge boxes of papers containing what I scarcely care to call "failures" remain to remind me of the extraordinary popularity of the competition. As it is, more than 1,000—1,003 to be exact—have been absolutely correct, and I have decided that the fairest method of ascertaining the ultimate five winners is for these 1,003 victors to have a competition to themselves. It is obviously impossible to split up a piano, especially in the case of an instrument of such solid make as a Broadwood grand, into 1,003 pieces, or to reduce one of Mr. Wyllie's masterpieces to its component parts. Moreover, I tremble at the mere thought of what the feelings of the successful competitors would be at finding themselves presented with the fraction of a pedal or a low C. I propose, therefore, when all the names are printed, to start a fresh competition to be confined entirely to those who were successful in the last contest. The new competition will be made up of monographic quotations from well-known living writers. I select living writers because I have discovered that many of the previous selection of proverbs were deciphered through the medium of quotation dictionaries and concordances. The four new quotations that will be presented to readers are not in any "quotation dictionary," and it is to be devoutly hoped that no further contest will be necessary to settle the matter of the winners.

As it is hundreds who had not the benefit of a quotation dictionary broke down after the seventh monogram. The quotation from Sir Walter Scott, "Jostling by dark intrigue for place," had many comic interpretations, as, for example, "Toiling at dark riddles for place."

Equally interesting are the interpretations of what should be a well-known quotation from *Julius Caesar*—"Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish," which one competitor has interpreted, "Our cloaks and ruffles show us womanish."

The letters of correspondents are, on the whole, very invigorating even to an editor with so serious a trial in front of him as these countless winners. So many competitors write to say that they have enjoyed the competition quite irrespective of the possible reward. Apparently they accept the late Lord Houghton's dictum, peculiarly applicable to Broadwood's piano:—

If what shone afar so grand  
Turn to nothing in thy hand,  
On again, the battle lies  
In the struggle not the prize.

Meanwhile, a selection from my correspondence is not uninteresting. One youth, the nephew of a well-known novelist, writes:—

I am sending up my set of monograms with the hope that they will be acceptable. I am only a school boy, and consequently my chances are small, but once, some time ago, I chanced to see a *TATLER*, and I was so struck with it I introduced it on the first possible opportunity to the school paper club. I then, on going home for the holidays, proposed it to my father, telling him how useful it would be for him living in the country to get news of town life and sport. He, on trying one, immediately decided to take it in. Hoping again I shall be partially if not wholly successful, &c.

Another correspondent writes:—

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I feel I have a grievance against you. I have *diligently* waded through two large volumes of quotations and the dictionary, have added at least three dozen white hairs to my head, have suffered innumerable bilious attacks, and have wasted many, many precious hours over your Monogram Competition, and this is the result.

A third correspondent from Brighton writes:—

Having eagerly looked forward to Wednesday every week since *THE TATLER* first started I now venture to enter for one of the many competitions to be found in its pages. I am sadly in want of a piano, and in fact have been for some time, and I herewith beg to forward my solutions to the ten proverbs and quotations. Should it fall to my lot to be the fortunate winner of the much-longed-for instrument please put me out of my misery as soon as you possibly can.

A lieutenant-colonel writes as follows from the Naval and Military Club, Piccadilly:—

He is not sanguine of winning the piano, for he fears that, in company maybe with many others, he has allowed the "soul of the licentiate" to escape him. Nevertheless he wishes sincerely to thank you for starting a most interesting and amusing competition.

And yet another correspondent from Eaton Terrace:—

I enclose my answers to the Monogram Competition in *THE TATLER*, which will, I hope, prove correct. As I am to be married to-morrow a grand piano would make a very nice wedding present.

Here again is a letter from Windermere:—

I see from last week's *TATLER* that several monogram competitors have correctly solved the ten monograms. May I ask what you are going to do about the prizes? I know we must wait until the foreign competitions are all in to know the results, but won't you let us know what you are going to do about the distribution of the prizes? Will you divide the value equally or give us another competition (I hope not) or what? Unfortunately we can't all play on the same piano. Do you think you could give us a cottage piano each and never mind the grand? The suspense of waiting for the result is dreadful—quite enough to turn our hair grey. Do please let us know, if you can, what you intend doing about it. I enjoyed the competition immensely, but still I don't want to go through it again, supposing, of course, if I am one of the successful ones, and I hope I am.

And this from Rugby:—

I enclose the solutions which I sincerely hope are correct as I have already ordered my music-room to be enlarged for the piano. Hoping you won't disappoint me.

Finally, here is a letter from a correspondent who writes from Pembroke Dock:—

May I express the great pleasure your Monogram Competition has given me? I have enjoyed finding them out, and I hope they are right. I think *THE TATLER* is quite the nicest paper, and I always look forward to seeing it on Wednesday.

The correct solutions are:—

1. A stitch in time saves nine.
2. When the cat's away the mice will play.
3. Too many cooks spoil the broth.
4. Half a loaf is better than no bread.
5. A penny saved is a penny gained.
6. All that glisters is not gold.
7. Jostling by dark intrigue for place.
8. And pure religion breathing household laws.
9. Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.
10. Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

## The Names and Addresses of those who sent in Correct Solutions are:—

Abbott, G. M., Glengall, Woodford Green, Essex  
Acheson, T. Edward, Lloyds Bank, Ltd., Ramsey, Isle of Man  
Ackland, Kenneth B., Slowford, Sutton, Surrey  
Adams, Miss M. P., Brooksby, Ayr  
Adamson, Mrs., 54, Upperton Gardens, Eastbourne  
Adames, Miss Violet, Somerville, Upper Richmond Road, Putney  
Albert, John G., 349, Brixton Road, S.W.  
"Alcala," Monkton Road Farm, Birchington  
Alexander, Dr. Alfred, the Chestnuts, Wellesbourne, Warwick  
Allan, Mrs., 81, Stanley Street, Aberdeen  
Allen, Gertrude M., 125, Hampton Road, Redland, Bristol  
Allen, Miss H. J., 78, Adelaide Road, Brockley, S.E.  
"Amabills," Frilford Heath, Abingdon, Berks  
Anderson, Mrs., 19, Crockerton Road, Upper Tooting  
Anderson, Mrs. Kenneth, Tunnel Woods, Watford, Herts  
Anderson, Florence M., Manor House, Belhaven, Dunbar  
Andrew, W. H., 14, Westbourne Road, Southport  
Andrews, Gladys H., 7, Belmont Crescent, Hillhead, Glasgow

Anstice, Agnes P., Marnwood, Iron Bridge, R.S.O., Shropshire  
Arbuthnot, Mrs. E., Norton Court, Gloucester  
Archer, Mrs. E. M., Whitton Rectory, Ipswich  
Arkwright, Miss, Hampton Court, Leominster  
Arrowsmith, Miss, Sale Heys, Brooklands, Cheshire  
Ashby, Mrs., Porthpean, St. Austell  
Ashly, Blanche, 19, Victoria Mansions, Queen's Club Gardens, West Kensington  
Ashton, Miss Hilda, Northcote, Hatfield, Herts  
Ashworth, M., Spring Hill, Stacksteads, near Manchester  
Asprey, Mrs. Alice M., Gwynant, Shortlands, Kent  
Auerhaan, Mrs. Louis A., Garvanza, Meriden Street, Coventry  
Bailey, Rev. J. G., Upnor Vicarage, Rochester  
Bailey, Wilfred, 3, Tisbury Road, Hove  
Bain, D. E., 1, Eastwood Road, South Woodford, Essex  
Baird, Mrs. Margaret, 145, Holland Road, Kensington, W.  
Baird-Carter, Mrs. A., Strathearn, 254, Willesden Lane, N.W.  
Baker, George E., 28, Gellatly Road, St. Catherine's Park, Hatcham, S.E.

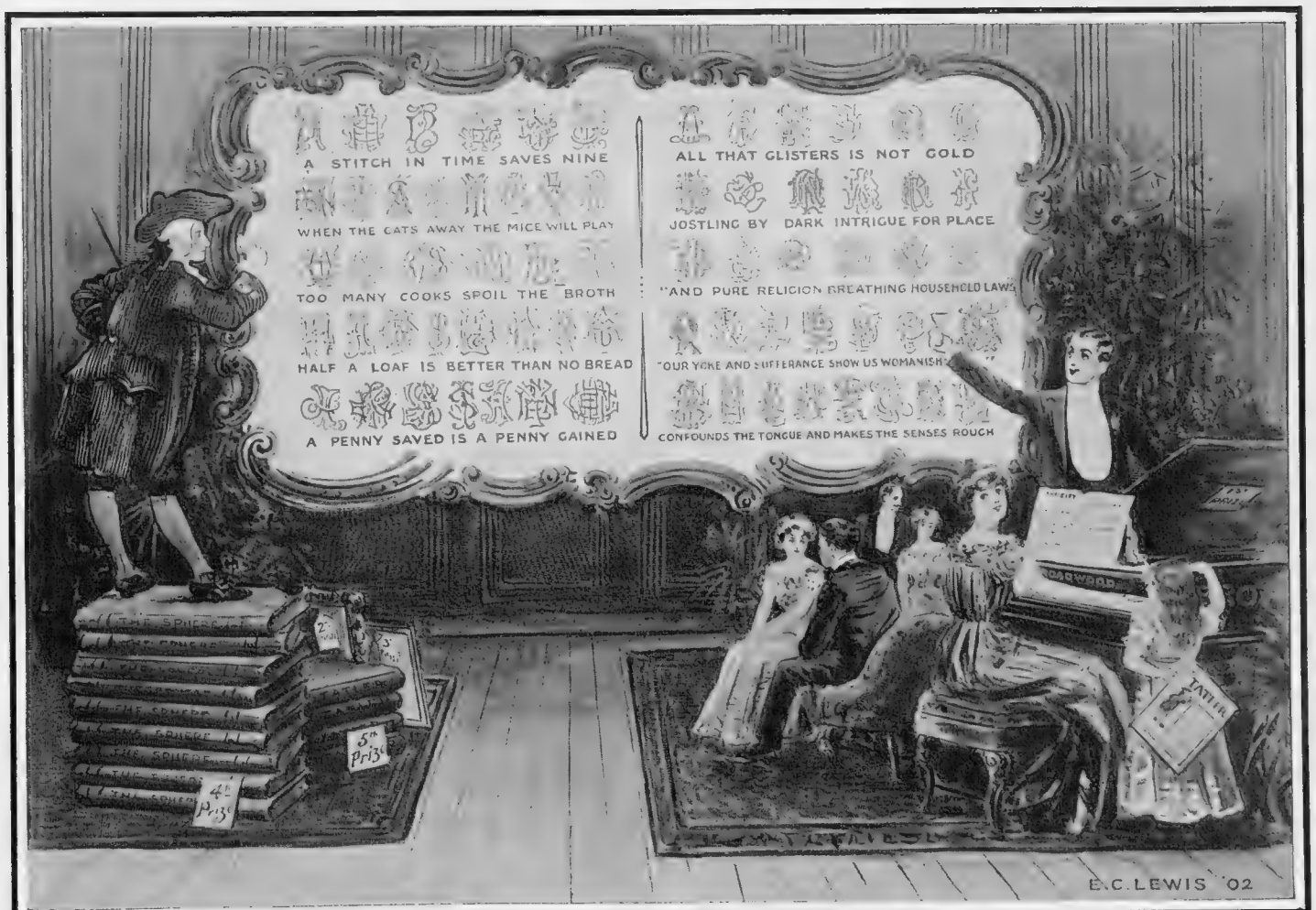
Baker, Harold E., South Eden Park, Beckenham  
Baker, Madge, Westgate, Beckenham, Kent  
Bakewell, Edith, 31, Herbert Road, Stockwell, S.W.  
Balsdon, R. E. C., 18, Canynge Square, Clifton, Bristol  
Banbury, Miss Evelyn, 41, Lowndes Street, S.W.  
Banks, R. H., 30, South Road, Lancaster  
"Barbarian," 65, Cheyne Court, Chelsea, S.W.  
Barber, Miss Edith J., Coton Hill, Stafford  
Barber, H., Cobham House, Hervey Road, Blackheath  
Barber, Ruth, 13, Highbury Quadrant, N.  
Barbour, Miss Madge, South View House, South Shields  
Barclay, M. D., 56, Woodbury Down, Stamford Hill, N.  
Baring, Mrs., Puddington Hall, Neston, Cheshire  
Barker, Miss A. M., 20, Ashley Gardens, Victoria St., S.W.  
Barnes, L. R., the Rectory, Fallsworth, Manchester  
Barnett, Ernest E., Glenbervie, Buckhurst Hill, Essex  
Barr, E. D., 61, Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, W.  
Barrett, Arthur M., 192, Tufnell Park Road, N.  
Barron, Miss, Cranborne Corner, Ascot  
Bartlett, Miss, Farley Croft, Westerham  
Barton, Miss J. D., Glendalough House, Annamoe, Wicklow

"Barum," Ellerslie, Fremington, N. Devon  
Barwell, F. J., 40, Kynaston Road, Stoke Newington, N.  
Barwell, Mrs. Helena, 143, Leander Road, Brixton, S.W.  
Bary-Saunders, Aurélie de, Campsall Hall, Doncaster  
Bates, Beatrice, Acres Bank, Stalybridge  
Bates, Miss Gertrude A., Aden House, Ennerdale Road,  
Kew Gardens  
Batsford, Miss, 6, College Villas, Finchley Road, N.W.  
Battersby, J. W., Wingfield, Washway Road, Ashton-on-  
Mersey, Manchester  
Bayles, E., 7, Wood Vale, Forest Hill, Surrey  
Baxter, A. W., 7, Parson's Green Lane, S.W.  
Baxter, Miss K. G., the Park, New Ferry, near Birken-  
head, Cheshire  
Beach, Miss E. S., Ailsa House, Reading  
Beard, Henry, Coach and Horses, North Street, S.W.  
Beatson, Leonard F., Godwynehurst, Leyburne Road,  
Dover  
Beck, W. J., 71B, Queen's Road, Lavender Hill, S.W.  
Bedwell, Miss B. R., 69, Chelsham Road, Clapham, S.W.  
Beedle, Mrs. Leonard, 625, Stretford Road, Old Trafford,  
Manchester  
Beesley, George, 40, Sheep Street, Stratford-on-Avon  
Beetham, B. W., Battledown Tower, Cheltenham  
Beldam, M., the Limes, Staines Road, Hounslow  
Bell, Miss Ethel M., Clyvedon, Cleadon, *vid* Sunderland  
Bell, Joseph, 21, Wightman Road, Haringay, N.  
Benson, Oscar, Hillside, Culverden Road, Balham, S.W.  
Bent, Miss Kate, Briarfield, Dobcross, near Oldham  
Berry, Edward, 50, Stockport Road, Gee Cross, Hyde,  
Cheshire  
Beveridge, Miss Isabella, Belbrae, Temple Crescent,  
Crail, Fifehire  
Bewley, Miss Florence, 3, Willow Terrace, Blackrock,  
Dublin  
Biggs, Arthur G., 80, Sedlescombe Road, West Brompton,  
S.W.  
Bishop, Miss, North Dene, the Park, Beckenham  
Bilton, W. H., Fernlea, Springfield Park, Acton  
Bingham, the Hon. Irene, Bangor Castle, Bangor, Belfast  
Bird, Miss F. B., 50, Stapleton Road, Bristol  
Birch, Mrs. S. C., 2, Amherst Road, Guernsey  
Birch, Colonel Richard Graham, Glasbury House,  
Glasbury-on-Wye, Radnorshire  
Bisset, Mrs. P. B., Burnside House, Aberdeen  
Black, Margaret, Wellside, Falkirk, N.B.  
Blackmore, W. T., Royal Institute of Painters in Water  
Colours, Piccadilly, W.  
Blair, C. H., Absalom's Farm, Underriver, Sevenoaks  
Bleistein, Miss G., 44, Fellows Road, N.W.  
Blight, F. M. S., 10, Talworth Street, Cardiff  
Blomfield, Miss, Church Lodge, Martock, Somerset  
Blundstone, Mrs., 45, St. Mary's Mansions, Paddington, W.  
"Boonie," 10, Church Road, Watford  
Boothby, Miss, Forth Park, Kirkcaldy, Fife, N.B.

Bolingbroke, H. C., Shirehall, Norwich  
Bolton, Mrs. Maud Edith, 15, Madeira Road, Coventry  
Park, Streatham, S.W.  
Bourne, Miss E. I., King's College School, Wimbledon  
Common, Surrey  
Bovey, Florence, Spring Bank, Penarth, Glam  
Bowen, Lionel A., 3, St. James's Crescent, Swansea  
Bowring, Mrs. W. A., 38, Montpeller Crescent, Brighton,  
Sussex  
Box, Miss O., Three Choughs Hotel, Yeovil, Somerset  
Boyd, Miss Pattie, 15, Kenilworth Road, Rathgar,  
Dublin, Ireland  
Brackett, Mabel Josephine, 25, Hillcrest Road, Acton, W.  
Braddyll, Mrs. Mary M., Eastcourt, Oxtou, Cheshire  
Bradford, Elsie, Lilleshall, Uplands, Swansea  
Brading, Charles W., Aylesford House, Uckfield, Sussex  
Bradley, T., 32, Frithville Gardens, W.  
Bramall, Stanley, 6, Buckland Crescent, Belsize Park,  
N.W.  
Branton, Mrs. H. P. G., 44, Lombard Sreet, Newark-on-  
Trent  
"Brasse," 44, St. John's Park, Upper Holloway, N.  
Braun, Mrs. K., 93, Linden Gardens, Bayswater, W.  
Breton, R. Whitfield, 30, Lushington Road, Eastbourne  
Brendel, Mrs., 111, Goldhurst Terrace, South Hampstead,  
N.W.  
Bridge, Mrs. F., 4, Titchfield Terrace, Regent's Pk., N.W.  
Brimclow, Mrs. Laura E., 10, Alcester Road, Sharrow,  
Sheffield  
Brinsmead, Herbert J., 19, Eton Villas, Haverstock Hill,  
N.W.  
Britten, Edward W., Woodfield Lane, Ashstead, Surrey  
Britton, Mrs. Walter, 12, Cloudeston Rd., Balham, S.W.  
Brocklebank, William Thornton, Forge House, Caton,  
near Lancaster  
Brodie, Malcolm, 31, Cambrian Road, Richmond Hill,  
Surrey  
Brook, Mrs., Laddingford Lodge, Yalding, Kent  
Brooke, Miss Mary H., Rosemount, Dunmurry, Belfast,  
Ireland  
Brooke, Frederick L., 37, Fountayne Road, Stoke  
Newington, N.  
Brooker, H. C., 80, Holmewood Gardens, Brixton Hill,  
S.W.  
Brookes, F. T., 197, Lozells Road, Handsworth, Birming-  
ham  
Brougham, Murielle, Elmwood, Hackbridge, Surrey  
Brown, J. W., Chilhampton House, Salisbury  
Brown, Robert, 13, Artillery Terrace, Guildford  
Brown, Rev. W., 1, Carnock Street, Greenock, N.B.  
Browne, James T., Roseleigh, Nuneaton  
Bruce, Miss, 23, Harley Street, W.  
Bruford, Miss Ethel A., Mortimer Lodge, St. Leonards  
Road, Eastbourne  
Brundell, Agnes, Havelock House, Wooler, Northumber-  
land

Brundrett, Miss Kate, Orchardgate, Queen's Park,  
Oswestry, Salop  
Bryant, Mrs., Springfield, Mount Ephraim Road, Sreat-  
ham, S.W.  
Buchan, Cuthbert, the Grove, Elthorne, Hanwell, W.  
Buckland, Miss F., Sheen Mount, East Sheen, S.W.  
Buckler, Mrs., Bidston Rectory, Birkenhead  
Buckley, F. Rawson, 7, Penywern Rd., Earl's Court, S.W.  
Bulloch, Miss Lydia, 23, Osborne Place, Aberdeen  
Bulman, Miss Agnes, Villa de St. George, St. Thomas  
Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne  
Burdett, Mrs. Florence, 35, Eyot Gardens, Chiswick  
Mall, W.  
Burgh, the Rev. H. U., Croft House, St. Bees, Cumberland  
Burra, Mrs. W. Pomfret, the Cottage, Great Chart, Ash-  
ford, Kent  
Burton, Charles, 13, Westbourne Terrace Rd., Paddington  
Burton, Miss H. M., Riverside, Enfield  
Butcher, James C., Redcliffe, Fulwood, Preston  
Butler, Mrs., Manor House, Meonstoke, Bishops Walt-  
ham, Hants  
Byers, Miss Winifred, 29, Thornhill Terrace, Sunderland  
"Byfield," the Rectory, Byfield, R.S.O., Northants  
Caley, Hugh W., 18, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.  
Cameron, Mrs. Ewan, 12, Inglis Road, Colchester  
Campbell, A. W., 92, Broad Street, Parkgate, Yorkshire  
Cannell, B. G. A., 7, Gillingham Street, S. Belgravia, S.W.  
Canny, G. B., the Link House, Stanmore, Middlesex  
Cantrell, Miss Annie, 57, Bromham Road, Bedford  
Capel, Mrs. Harold, 7, St. John's Wood Road, N.W.  
Carrick, Miss Theo, 26, Portland Square, Carlisle, Cum-  
berland  
Carry, Mrs., the Briars, Shortlands, Kent  
Carter, Mrs. A. W., 7, Brambledown, Crouch Hill, N.  
Carter, Mrs. John, Privett Lodge, Alverstoke, Hants  
Carter, A. H., Reedham, Purley, Surrey  
Carver, Miss Minnie, 8, Windsor Quadrant, Kelvin-side  
Castle, Leonard G., 12, Stanmore Road, West Green,  
London, N  
Castle, Mrs. Sidney N., Woodbines, Kingston-on-Thames  
Catlow, W. A., the Hermitage, Birstall, near Leicester  
Cave, Mrs. Charles, Binsted, Cambridge  
Chadwick, Clifford, Brook Hospital, Shooter's Hill, Kent  
Chapman, J. C.  
Challen, Mrs. Clare, 2, Priory Rd., Edgbaston, Birmingham  
Challen, E. Wilmshurst, Tatehill, Solihull, Warwickshire  
Chamberlin, Miss Margaret, the Hawthorns, Eaton,  
Norwich  
Chamings, Miss M., Cranleigh, near Guildford, Surrey  
Chapman, Mrs. Florence G., Thrislington Hall, West  
Cornforth, R.S.O., Dublin

The list of winners will be continued next week.



### A PICTORIAL SOLUTION OF OUR MONOGRAM COMPETITION

This exceedingly clever drawing was sent in by one of the competitors for the grand piano. It will be noticed that his solutions of all the proverbs and quotations are correct



## FINAL HEAT

### A COMPLETE STORY. By W. Pett Ridge.

"Pity it's turned out so wet," remarked Mrs. Rowland. She gave the barometer in the passage an encouraging tap, but it refused to budge. "Why not take them both down to Hampton Court another day, Mr. Paterson?"

"They can wear their macs," said Mr. Paterson.

Mrs. Rowland went to the foot of the stairs and called up.

"Mind you put on stout boots both of you," she commanded, "your lace-ups I mean." Two shrill voices from above responded, and Mrs. Rowland came back. "You don't know what it is to have a mother's responsibilities," she remarked beamingly.

"I do not," admitted the young man.

"The wear and tear of it," declared Mrs. Rowland, "is something awful. People wonder at anybody's hair turning grey, it's a marvel it don't turn blue. But mind you, Mr. Paterson, they're both good girls, and if I was a young man earning good money a week and anxious to get away from landladies and settle down I don't know which of the two I should select, I don't, reely!"

"It's a bit of a," agreed Mr. Paterson in his deep voice, "puzzle."

"But I should try to make up me mind."

"Quite so," said Mr. Paterson.

"They've both got good looks, although I s'pose I ought not to be the one to say so." Here the widow glanced with some interest at herself in the slip of mirror inserted on the back of the hat stand. "And such even-tempered girls too—that they get from my side of the family too. The way they're sought after for evening parties and dances and what not—"

A swish of waterproofs on the landing above arrested Mrs. Rowland in her pleasing inventory. The two admirable daughters descended, smiling down on the upturned face of their attendant knight, who growled some apologies for the weather.

"Oh I *love* rain," said the elder Miss Rowland effusively. "One gets so sick of the fine weather."

"It's quite possible," declared Florrie Rowland with optimism, "it may leave off sooner or later."

"I *am* so looking forward to the pictures" said the elder girl, "I simply dote on pictures. Don't I, mother?"

"Course you do, my dear. Sure you're both well wrapped up? Mr. Paterson, take great care of 'em mind and bring 'em back safe."

"I'll keep an eye on them," promised the young man.

"You'll get your Waterloo 'bus from the Britannia, and that'll take you all the way to the station, and then down at Hampton Court you've only jest to pop over the bridge and there you are. Years and years since I was there, but I expect the river's about where it used to be. Good-bye, dears! Keep your

umbrella well over your hat. Look after them, Mr. Paterson."

They went out at the front door. Mrs. Rowland called back the elder girl and repeated a request.

"It only means sixpence," she whispered. "Run now and catch 'em up!"

The three were fortunate in obtaining inside seats of the omnibus, and the sight of others compelled to go on top in the pelting, determined rain served to improve if anything the excellent temper of the two sisters. They chattered on to Mr. Paterson, who, never a youth overflowing with conversation, listened and watched contentedly; each told him her dream of the previous night, what the other had said concerning the weather on looking out of the window the first thing, how mother had remarked at breakfast, "Well, it simply means this! Mr. Paterson will never dream of taking you on such a day," and how they had argued mother out of this pessimistic view, assuring her that the idea of Friday being unlucky was rococo, persuading her to allow them at any rate to get ready, and how they had both jumped for joy on hearing his knock. Looking at the two girls it seemed to Mr. Paterson that it had been a thoughtless act on the part of those who made the laws to order that bigamy should be considered a crime; he, however, winked at his reflection in the rain-trickled windows in a manner that suggested he was engaged on a piece of strategy.

The first check came at Waterloo. It appeared that Mr. Paterson had selected a train that was rather an exclusive sort of train and ran on Saturdays only; to-day being Friday the train would not think of going. The elder girl remarked that some people were quite incapable of making up a time table. Miss Florrie Rowland declared that although fifty minutes was a long time, at any rate here they were in the dry, and after all what was more interesting than a London railway station? At Surbiton they had to alight (which both girls pronounced to be great fun) and change to another platform was necessary (the elder girl said amusedly that this was so like the South-Western), and presently a train came along in a casual way and took them leisurely to Hampton Court.

"Why here we are already!" cried Florrie.

"Yes, here we are," agreed her elder sister, "and still raining."

Under the influence of tea both girls retained their good humour. Rather early for tea Mr. Paterson feared, but they both said it never could be too early for tea, and a gentlemanly waiter in a dress suit and a bowler hat found a room looking out on the weeping river, brought teapots and bread and butter and watercress and jam, and standing at the doorway gave them detailed accounts of some brilliant days of sunshine with which the place had been recently favoured as contrasted with the present occasion when, the waiter admitted, it was coming down by the

bucketful. Mr. Paterson seemed more reserved and thoughtful as the two girls continued to show perfect unanimity of temper, but looking across the river at the Palace he exhibited something more of hopefulness.

"Another cup!" urged the elder sister.

"Not me," said Mr. Paterson.

"Well then," she said cheerfully, "we will."

As the girls chattered agreeably across the table Mr. Paterson again watched them with the puzzled air of a man selecting a piece of expensive furniture with which he will have to spend the future years of his life; when, supporting their pretty chins with their fists, they told him in a duet of something complimentary that mother had said regarding his taste in neckties he gave an appearance of absorbed attention that endeavoured to suggest that he was concentrating his thoughts on the gratifying news. All the same, he could not help betraying something of restlessness, and looking presently at his watch he declared with an effort that they must really be getting across the bridge if they wished to see the wonderful contents of the Palace. He went downstairs and settled with the bowler-hatted waiter.

"What's the program now, sir?" asked the waiter genially.

"We're going across to the Palace."

"But—"

"I know, I know," interrupted Mr. Paterson hastily. "Don't let them hear."

"Well, but where's the sense—"

"Can't you keep your mouth shut," with sudden exasperation, "or must I make you?"

"You won't let anybody speak," complained the waiter. "What I want to tell you is what you apparently don't know, and that is that being Friday—"

Mr. Paterson thrust the informative waiter quite violently into a dark corner and greeted the descending ladies. They declared themselves as feeling more than ever like twenty shillings in the pound, and the elder sister said of the down-pouring rain that no doubt the country wanted it badly. They opened their umbrellas, pinned up each other's skirts under macintoshes, and the three set out across the bridge in great good temper, Mr. Paterson giving up his usual reserve of speech to describe some of the marvellous paintings, the wonderful old bedsteads, the historic treasures that the Palace contained, so that by the time they had reached the tall iron gates and were walking up the soddered gravelled roadway the two young women were in a position to assure each other that they were simply dying to see the rooms. They had never enjoyed themselves in the past nearly so much as they were going to enjoy themselves now; it would, said the elder sister light-heartedly, be something to look upon when they were quite old maids. (There seemed to be an opening here for a repartee, but Mr. Paterson did not avail himself of it.) As they went by the sentry on duty, who seemed inclined to speak, and a



SUMMER

constable of the T Division, who made a few steps towards them, he hurried his two companions through the archway.

"Not many people about," said the elder sister.

"So much the better," remarked Florrie, "pleasanter to have the place to ourselves. Almost like being royalty."

"I'd rather looked forward to seeing some smart dresses."

"Not on a day like this, dear!"

"Certainly the day is a bit unfortunate," agreed the elder sister. "It might just as well have turned out fine!"

Mr. Paterson stood at the foot of a broad wooden staircase where a notice said "The rooms close at 4.30." Out in the quadrangle the rain still descended on the square of green grass, nobody was looking from the windows that commanded views of it. Mr. Paterson, as T 666 strolled up, took a deep breath. T 666 seemed quite pleased to see them, and a smile went slowly over his official countenance.

"Is this the way up to the rooms, constable?"

"You've guessed it," replied T 666.

"They close at half-past four apparently."

"They close at half-past four," said the constable with relish. "That is to say they close at that hour on the days they are open."

"Oh!" said Mr. Paterson glancing at the anxious faces of the girls. "Don't open at all some days then?"

"Don't open a inch."

"What days might they be?"

"Fridays," said T 666, and laughed outright.

"But don't be so silly," begged the elder sister reddening with annoyance. "They

#### FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS ONLY

##### A Monthly Prize of £5 for the best Photograph

Until further notice "The Tatler" is offering a prize of £5 every month for the most interesting amateur photograph. Photographs (snapshots or time-exposures) may deal with any subject—sporting, social, theatrical, or eccentric. No photograph will be returned and the Editor reserves the right of publishing any photographs received, but for every photograph published payment will be made. The photographs should be carefully packed and addressed to the Kodak Editor, "The Tatler," Great New Street, E.C., and have the name and address of the sender clearly written on the back

must be open. We've come all the way from Kentish Town."

"Even if you'd come from Finsbury Park," said the constable judicially, "the Palace wouldn't have been open on a Friday."

There was silence for a few moments. Mr. Paterson watched them furtively.

"After all, it couldn't be helped," said Florrie.

"Couldn't be helped," echoed her elder sister violently, "what'd you mean, couldn't be helped? It could have all been helped with a little foresight, and common sense, and brains, and so forth. The outing's been simply muddle, muddle, muddle, from first to last, and if I was like some girls I should say so outright. I've a jolly good mind——"

"Let's make the best of it," urged Florrie soothingly. "Let's walk up and down here and pretend we never wanted to see the inside of it."

Mr. Paterson escorted Florrie outside to see the vinery (also by this time closed), and the elder sister declining to come, although it had now ceased to rain, the two had quite a long conversation in the avenue where one of the many partners in the firm of Henry VIII. walks, during which all the pent up eloquence of years came out and Mr. Paterson made an oratorical appeal that did not permit of a negative answer. Church and date were at this interview arranged.

"But why didn't you send me a wire," demanded the mother when the two reached home, "as I asked you to?"

"Too cross," replied the elder daughter tartly.

"Why didn't you send me a wire, Florrie?"

"Too happy," answered the second daughter.

## Our Fourth Double Acrostic Prize Competition.

### RULES FOR THIS SERIES

1. The series consists of thirteen double acrostics issued consecutively from July 2. THE TATLER will give to the solver who solves correctly the largest number of these a prize of £5, and two prizes of £3 and £2 respectively to those who solve the next largest number. It must be understood, however, that winners of first prizes in the previous competitions are handicapped one acrostic; winners of two first prizes are disqualified from winning any prize in this competition; winners of two second prizes are disqualified from winning a second or third prize in this competition, but can try for the first prize.

2. The uprights of the acrostics must be guessed exactly and no alternatives can be accepted. For the lights or cross-bars alternative guesses may be sent, but they must fit the light exactly. Not more than two words may be sent for each light.

3. It must be understood that the Acrostic Editor's decision is final in all cases, and that no correspondence can be entered into on any subject.

4. If two or more solvers "tie" in the competition special extra acrostics may be given for the guessing off of the "tie," or the prize may be divided among the "tied" solvers.

5. Answers must be delivered (addressed to "The Acrostic Editor, THE TATLER, Great New Street, London, E.C.") not later than

first post on the second Monday following the date of issue, i.e., answers to the second acrostic (dated July 9) must be delivered not later than first post on Monday, July 21.

6. Solutions should be signed by a pseudonym of not more than twelve letters. "Made-up" names are the best. Female diminutives like "May" or "Mab" are objected to as leading to confusion. The real name and address must also be sent in. All names and solutions must be written most distinctly, print letters being preferred. If the Acrostic Editor cannot read the solutions they will be disqualified. No exceptions can be made to the rules.

### Double Acrostic No. 2 (Fourth Series)

H heads them both. One sees the strife of oars,  
One 'gainst its rival school invites applause.

1. This Jewish maid—by this name little known—  
Married a mighty king and saved her own.
2. Most trying to this regent once and queen  
Must be the whims of daughter Wilhelmine.
3. This old wise king went with the Greeks to Troy,  
Beside him e'en Ulysses was a boy.
4. Though small and slim it seems, yet used aright,  
It can move masses that outweigh it quite.
5. Past Saragossa's walls I flow and flee  
Down to the "dolorous, tideless midland sea."
6. The graveyard tree. Good bows our forebears  
drew  
At Agincourt's affray and Cressy too.

7. The pseudonym should be printed in large letters on the top of the page. Only one answer can be allowed on one sheet, and the sheets should be halves of note paper.

### Solution of Double Acrostic No. 12 (Third Series)

1. S H A H
2. P O L O
3. E A R L
4. CAVAGNARI
5. I L I A D
6. A L V A
7. L A N N O Y

1. Persia on the map looks like a rough outline of a sitting cat.

4. Sir Louis Cavnari murdered at Cabul. 5. Pope's Homer's *Iliad*: "Achilles' wrath to Greece, the direful spring of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess sing." 6. Duke of Alva, professing Christian and butcher of the Netherlands. "Aceldama" is accepted; "Agrippa" is not nor "Agrippina" because these names belonged also to illustrious people. Herod Agrippa I. is described in Acts as "Herod" and his infamy attaches to the latter name. Attila was a barbarian conqueror. He merely did on a great scale what every other leader did at the time. What made him seem so terrible was the fact that his armies were of an entirely alien race; it was as if Europe were invaded by Central Africans or Chinese. But it seems to the Acrostic Editor that the term "infamy" might just as well be applied to Napoleon, Genghis Khan, or our own Danes and Normans on account of their cruelty as to Attila. 7. Lombardy cannot be accepted because (a) Frederick was not captured, (b) Lannoy was not a Lombard but an Imperial general. "Livy" cannot be accepted because his opponent was not a king. Lannoy actually received the sword of Francis I. after the rout of Pavia.

Correct solutions to No. XII. are received from—Babs, Blackie, Bumbo, Bhong, Blinko, Bamloc, Candid, Chums, Derry, Fritz, Grappler, Law, Lethe, Nibs, Pingpong, Rustica, Ronin, Sec, Steuma, Tatlera, The Hen, Usber, Wink, Wylt.



## A COMIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND

Reviewed by T. W. H. Crosland.



A SAXON MONARCH

To the person possessed of imagination the writing of serious history is a department of letters which may very conveniently be left alone. Of course history has its literary possibilities, but they are certainly not of the light fantastic order, and if you would be a historian you must needs be solid and

judicial. It is certain, however, that the gaiety of nations might be greatly enhanced if some person of parts would set to work and write a history of the civilised world without regard to the facts. In a measure the thing has been tried. There is, or used to be, a humorous history of England, the work of a Mr. àBeckett. In one's schooldays it was read and conned by rote to the neglect of the delightful work of Messrs. Ince and Gilbert. For aught I know to the contrary it may still be popular among schoolboys, though I have not seen a copy any time these ten years. The àBeckett book, however, is to all intents and purposes a book for the surreptitious young person, and I do not think that its circulation among adults was ever huge. Of late we have grown pretty sophisticated with regard to our humour, and it is not surprising that the author of humorous intention should fall back upon history for his materials. Mark Twain, among

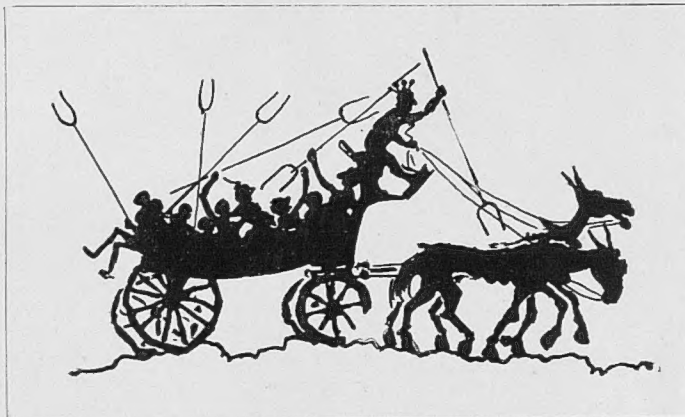


THE RETIRING KING ALFRED

other humorists, has done this with some success, but as he deals only with King Arthur, who may have been a good deal of a myth, Mr. Twain cannot properly be reckoned among the comic historians. Indeed, at the present moment the business of humorous historian to the British peoples appears to be almost entirely in the hands of Mr. F. M. Allen, who has lately published a book which

the other millenarian orators who gave us so much King Alfred a few months back got a little gleam of Mr. Allen into their remarks Alfred the Great would in all likelihood not have bored us half so much as he did. The pictures on this page are reproduced from the pictures in Mr. Allen's book; they are from the pencil of Mr. James F. Sullivan, and some of them illustrate King Alfred's career. The

gentleman with the club in the top left-hand corner appears to be King Alfred's father; it is certainly one of the best likenesses of that gentleman we remember to have seen. In the top right-hand corner is a picture illustrating an episode in Alfred's life which so far as we are aware has never been illustrated before. Everybody knows the story of Alfred and the burnt cakes; nobody, however, has hitherto told us what happened to Alfred when the herdsman's wife discovered that the cakes were really burnt. According to Mr. Allen the cakes were not cakes at all but a mess of porridge, and, as the



KING CANUTE'S JOURNEY TO THE SEA-SHORE

he calls *Glimpses of English History*, and has put into it many quaint views of the stock personages that figure in the chronicles of our country. Indeed, Mr. Allen, with a regard for thoroughness which nobody can help but admire, begins his work with an account of old King Cole, the only British monarch of whom, so far as we are aware, it has been definitely said that he was "a merry old soul." The next king in Mr. Allen's history book is Alfred the Great, a circumstance for which every child who has had to learn the "dates" of pre-Alfredian monarchs will be grateful. As Alfred the Great has been the subject of much writing and speechifying during the past eighteen months it is refreshing to find that Mr. Allen has something to say about him that is really new. He begins boldly thus: "When Alfred the Great was quite a lad he won a prize of a goold watch at a 'spellin' bee, an' this gave him a turn for larnin' which stuck to him all his life. He was so mighty consated at bein' able to do a thrifle of spellin' that there was no standin' him at all at home, an' the King and Queen, who wor his father an' mother, sent him out of the country as often as they could spare the expense of the journey in order that he mightn't be causin' disturbances in the royal nursery an' breeding jealousies among his little brothers an' sisthers." This obviously is new light. Furthermore, it is the kind of light we want, and had Mr. Alfred Austin and

picture shows, when the herd's wife found that the porridge was burnt she incontinently threw a frying pan at the careless monarch, which was a very natural thing to do, and probably hits the truth if it did not hit King Alfred. Both author and artist are to be congratulated upon the successful manner in which they have humorised for us the general outlines of English history. The book has all the qualities that an amusing book should have; that is to say, it keeps one smiling and is never vulgar nor commonplace. The publishers are Downey and Co. of York Street.



ALFRED IN THE DANISH CAMP



JACK CADE'S REBELLION



## MY LADY'S MIRROR

**A Topsy-turvy Season.**—The fact that the King is making progress towards recovery has been sending our spirits up so systematically that we have forgotten our disappointment as regards the coronation in the relief of the moment. In the interest of Dame Fashion, however, I am bound to say the last week has not been a great time for the fickle goddess. "The season" had a severe shock, and the advent of tropical weather almost simultaneously with the King's illness sent a great many people out of town and hurried on the arrangements of others. The seaside places are, I hear, filling up rapidly, and there is every reason to believe that country houses will let exceedingly well. The wear and tear of coronation arrangements and an increased number of entertainments crowded into a short space of time owing to the cold weather during the month of May has pretty well worn out most people, and when the remaining big functions are over everyone will be only too glad to shake the dust of London off their feet. I have even heard a couple of *débutantes* own that their first season has been full of disappointments, and when a *débutante* makes such an admission things may be said to be really serious.

**A Pretty Wedding.**—Miss Langtry's wedding early last week was an exceedingly pretty function. Such a popular bride, with youth and beauty to back her up, must needs have aroused a vast amount of interest, and an added picturesqueness was given to the scene by the costumes of the Indian potentates who were present at the ceremony. As to the bridal gown, if it was another instance of the inevitable white and silver, it was at least quite a distinctive example of this glittering combination. The dress itself was of white crêpe de chine thickly embroidered in Indian silver work, and the long white chiffon train gave it such a pretty youthful appearance and was infinitely more becoming than the stately severity of satin or brocade. The bridesmaids looked as though they had stepped out of an old French picture in their Louis XV. basqued coats of white Pompadour silk flowered with pink carnations and Petit Trianon hats, and the bride's mother looked lovely in a white crêpe de chine gown with a lovely embroidery of pale green grapes.

**Charming Dresses.**—Hurlingham and Ranelagh have been crowded lately, and I have been twice obliged to forego my tea on "big" occasions; there were so many people clamouring for refreshment that the attendants had more than they could do to satisfy the hunger and thirst of the visitors. But in spite of a headache, the result of my un-

The upper part or yoke of the full pouched bodice was gauged, with narrow lines of corded black and white taffetas inserted between, and was caught across the front with three little butterfly bows of the same edged with black velvet, each of which had a tiny paste ornament in the centre. The sleeves were gauged over the shoulder with the same corded pipings and fell very full to the cuff where the same adornment was repeated, and the skirt was trimmed with three frills of its own material frayed out at the edges and brought to points back and front headed with a double scalloped row of corded black and white taffetas. There was a gathered ceinture of black and white taffetas trimmed with lines of black bébé velvet, and the hat worn with it was a large one of "old ivory" embroidered batiste bound with a wide band of cornflower velvet, and a great curling cornflower feather.

### Cambric and Muslin.

An embroidered cambric frock in a soft deep cream shade with touches of emerald-green velvet and a big green and black hat was very sweet, too, and there was, of course, the oft-repeated tale of muslin as well as batiste de soie and a dozen other diversities of material first or second cousins to muslin. Undoubtedly the prettiest and most numerous gowns were white, and a charming American girl wore a wonderful frock composed of perpendicular lines of valenciennes insertion outlined with the prettiest little narrow muslin embroidery alternating with gauged lines of very fine muslin. A very wide white silk ribbon was wound twice round her waist and tied in a bow with long fringed ends at the side, and her toque was of white geraniums shading to the palest pink with

velvet variegated pale green leaves. She carried a white taffetas and chiffon parasol exquisitely painted with geraniums to match and finished with a gold and crystal knob, and her long white suède gloves had deep insertions of valenciennes lace. How well American women walk! It is not only their figures but their whole carriage that



Blouse of pink lousine tucked and trimmed with lace insertion

HARBORN

### WHITE AND BLACK SPOTTED MUSLIN GOWN

Trimmed with turquoise bébé velvet and lace, and large tuscan hat adorned with pink roses and black ospreys

refreshed condition, I am quite of opinion that the frocks and millinery I have seen at both of these haunts of fashion are more remarkable collectively and individually even than those at Ascot on Cup Day. One which struck me very much by reason of its distinctiveness was of cornflower blue lousine with a vest and collar of Irish crochet over white chiffon.



is so distinctly elegant, and they have an air of composure and self-possession at seventeen and eighteen that an English girl never attains before she is twenty-five—if then. The relative merits of the girlhood of these two nations has been so often discussed that one almost feels one owes an apology for bringing up the subject. My reflections at Hurlingham and Ranelagh were, however, that it was our pretty English girl faces that one admired the most, and the American *ensemble* that one instinctively stopped and looked after. It was the latter, too, who always seemed to be having the better time, and an American girl always seems to find life eminently well worth living.

**Useful Frocks.**—But to return to chiffons. We are looking ahead now, always with a view to our summer sojourn, and the style of frocks we shall be requiring will not be the same as those which are doing duty for the season's wear. I spoke of the linen gown last week, and the subject is a fruitful one. Linen has been through a variety of phases this season; it has been fashioned in as elaborate a guise as it is possible to imagine, and on the other hand in as plain and severe a style as well could be. For my own part I think a little elaboration will not come amiss even for seaside wear, though for real knockabout wear I do not advise too much of it. A frock of very coarse canvas sacking which I saw lately at one of our best-known Anglo-French houses was adorned with a stitched yoke of cream faced cloth and strapped with cream taffetas, and the effect was that of a costume not only useful but absolutely smart. Strawberry-coloured linen has also come in to a very great extent—it looks best trimmed with a coarse wide-meshed filet lace—and I saw a dear little frock of coarse, white linen with a collar of pale blue and white spotted linen of a fine quality and square rolled-back revers of the same adorned with a row of tiny gold buttons and a swathed belt of pale blue and white spotted foulard with little coat tails. The skirt was trimmed with graduated bands of the blue and white linen, and the same idea could be carried out with cool green and white linen, or white adorned with beige, and white spotted linen would look equally well. At

the sales, too, one can pick up for a mere song little figured muslin robes trimmed with lace and insertion which are the very thing for the seaside. There is a distinct leaning towards simplicity and style in our muslins this year. The accordion-pleated skirts over silk, trimmed with lines of ribbon or little flat, stiff frills of taffetas are charming, while a still less elaborate *genre* is to have them simply gathered round the hips with two or three simple graduated gathered frills put on with an old-fashioned heading.

**Concerning Scent.**—Our perfumes have to be very carefully chosen this weather. One may forgive an unpleasant and overpowering odour in winter but it is quite inexcusable in summer-time. If there is anything in a name, in spite of the assertions of that little fifteen-year-old philosopher, Juliet, that of Bayley of 94, St. Martin's Lane, certainly stands for all that is fragrant and delightful in the matter of scents. It is a most fascinating spot, too, full of the relics of the days when his Majesty George IV. ran up as stiff a bill for perfumery as could well be imagined

Cologne, one of the most refreshing preparations it has ever been my lot to meet with. Ess. Violettas is another fragrant scent which, unlike so many extracts of the kind, really contains the true odour of the violet, and is so delicate and lasting without becoming offensive that I can most strongly recommend it. "Coronalys" is quite a royal favourite already, and is a delightful commingling of the qualities of the rose and lily of the valley, and of course I need not include a mention of the spermaceti soap, which everyone is aware is one of the finest skin soaps ever offered to the public, and which I can warmly advise anyone who has a care for their complexion to use.

**"La Samothrace."**—Since June 30 the sale at the London Corset Company, 42, New Bond Street, has been going briskly, and I confess it came as a very delightful surprise to me personally. One expects a sale in millinery and frocks, linen and hosiery. Fashion is so very arbitrary in the matter of all of these and demands a frequent change, but where there is only one item on the bill it is quite an unlooked-for opportunity. Besides, "La Samothrace" corsets are so well known nowadays, and smart women have realised already how large a part they have played in the straight-fronted revolution, that I suppose if they were treble the price people would buy them simply because they could not do without them. As it is, however, the prices at all times are nothing if not moderate, and until the 12th of this month, when the sale comes to a full stop, they are, in my estimation, quite nominal. For instance, the "Coronation" corset, which is ideally comfortable and quite perfect as regards shape, being made of the finest white batiste decorated with embroidered silk crowns, is at present obtainable for 47s. 6d. instead of 52s. 6d.—quite an important difference. The others are reduced in proportion, even the net ceinture which is so popular with sportswomen being sold at present for 11s. 3d. instead of 12s. 6d. It would be wearisome to go through the whole list of prices, but they are such as will suit all pockets as the corsets will all figures.

DELAMIRA.

For rules concerning correspondence, see previous issues.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

MIDLAND MAID.—Try D. H. Evans's (Oxford Street) bust bodice. You will find it will keep your figure together under your silk slips so much more effectually than an ordinary bodice. It is made of strong calico boned and laced in front, and with the short straight-fronted corset it is particularly valuable for a stout figure. I have recommended it so often and it has never failed to give satisfaction. Ask for the "Utri" when you write for it.

PAULINE.—As you practically spend your days on the river you cannot possibly do better than invest in one of Scott's Panamas (1, Old Bond Street, Piccadilly). They are always in the best of taste, and for coolness and comfort you simply cannot find their equal. Besides, you know they last a lifetime, and provided you keep to the right folds you need have no hesitation in folding and rolling it and packing it away in quite a small compass.



SIMPLE EVENING GOWN

Of pale blue tucked crêpe de chine with bolero and insertion of guipure lace and touches of black velvet

and, to do him justice, paid it with a promptitude that might with advantage have been imitated by some of the exquisites of his Court. In the days of the Sailor King, William IV., the account for perfumery dropped considerably, but the quality of the scents made for this firm is fully testified by the number of royal warrants held by them both now and formerly from all parts of Europe. Everyone knows Bayley's Ess. Bouquet, which has been a favourite perfume for over 200 years, and which gives its scent to the Ess. Bouquet



## GOLF AND GOLFERS. By Garden G. Smith.

Golfers, or at any rate inland golfers, have lately been suffering from a more than usually virulent epidemic of hay fever. The enormous crop of hay on most greens has rendered green committees peculiarly liable to attack, not so much from the fever as from club members suffering from it. On a broiling hot day it is poor fun raking with a niblick for a cherished Haskell or Kempshall amongst hay 2 ft. high, the ordinary lost-ball pangs being increased at the rate of 2s. a time.

The tales told to the committee men by these haymakers are enough to make angels weep. "A beautiful shot, not 3 yards off the line! Disgraceful, I call it"; or "Found my ball in 2 ft. of growing hay, and I give you my word, sir, it was not 6 yards from the hole. Why the deuce don't you cut the grass? I lost seven balls in the round." Verily, if all these tales be true it would have been worth while to buy up all the standing hay on metropolitan links, not for the hay, which is cheap this year, but for the golf balls,

and the hay is all in we shall doubtless yet have some golfing doings of importance, but even if there are none, a year that has seen the inauguration of the international match cannot be regarded as a barren one.

Another thing that may possibly account for the slackness in golfing events is the advent of the new American balls. There can be no doubt that they have tended to unsettle men's minds and have introduced an element of uncertainty and contention into the game which has not been altogether for its present good. Doubtless this will disappear as soon as the merits of the newcomers are fully appraised and the various conflicting opinions and interests reconciled.

A great many Americans who came here for the coronation have remained for golf. One and all with whom we have held converse assured us that in the States the new balls have all but killed the gutta-percha ball. The factories are working night and day turning out the rubber-cored balls and are still quite unable to cope with the demand.

The wise men of St. Andrews are therefore shaking their heads and saying that something will have to be done or the links will be made a mockery, but it is difficult to see why they should do anything. If Mr. Blackwell and other long drivers using the rubber-cored balls have to take their cleeks where common men take their drivers it must be remembered that they took irons or mashies, using the gutty, where others took their cleeks, and yet nobody said the game was spoiled. When the long drivers have to take their putters off the tee it will be time enough to do something, but what it is to be is not quite clear. No power on earth, except perhaps the police, will prevent golfers using a ball that will add to the length of their drives.

Commenting on the new balls a writer in *Truth* says, "All these inventions are very interesting in their way. But they are not golf." This, no doubt, is what was said by the old feather-ball players when gutta-percha came in.



GOLF IN CALIFORNIA

A bunker at Los Angeles

which are going to be dear. A hay syndicate with acquired powers to dredge all water hazards would certainly grow rich.

Seriously, a great deal of the annoyance caused to golfers at this season by the loss of balls would be spared them by the simple device of marking golf balls with the owner's initials. When the balls are found, as they must be as soon as the hay is cut, they would be delivered to the caddie master, who would return them to the owners for a fee of 1d. This system is in vogue in many clubs and works admirably. It cannot, of course, save holes and matches, but it saves many shillings and a good deal of language and temper.

There seems to be rather a dearth this year of open professional and amateur tournaments and even of professional matches. Perhaps the terrible rains of May and June damped the enthusiasm of club members or the coronation festivities have overshadowed everything else. When the King is crowned

Further experience of the new balls tends to minimise the fears that were at first entertained that they would spoil the game and make nonsense of our courses. It was at first asserted that they gave additional length to the short driver and none to the long, but personal observation does not enable us to confirm this. In our experience the gain is quite proportionate and the net result is that courses are made a bit shorter. In view of the fact that of late the tendency has been to make holes and courses too long the new balls may be regarded as boons and blessings.

Mr. Edward Blackwell, one of the very longest drivers, is a convert to the rubber-filled ball. He drives further than ever with it both with wood and iron. It is said that he now takes his cleek to the ninth hole at St. Andrews and that with his driver he finds

Bunkers all unknown  
Far beyond "Walkinshaw,"  
Where never ball hath flown.

The argument that golf should be standardised as cricket is may be dismissed with the remark that there is no necessity for such a step. The present standards at cricket would be altered to-morrow if better could be devised. The present cricket ball, for instance, has been found to answer all the requirements of the game, and a ball that could be driven further would be too dangerous to use. There is no increased danger in playing golf with a rubber-cored ball, and clearly to be able to drive 15 or 20 yards further with it than with a gutty is an added pleasure to the game which players are not likely to forego.

The golf fever has succeeded the gold in the Far West, and the outcasts and diggers of Poker and other Californian flats have given place to the less picturesque but decidedly more wholesome community of golfers. Golf in California is now so firmly established that it requires a golf paper of its own. Our illustration shows part of the golf course at Los Angeles.